

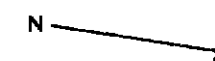
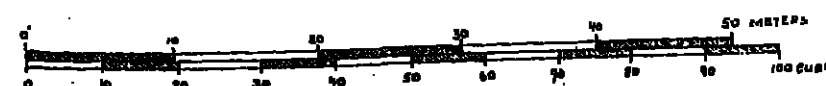
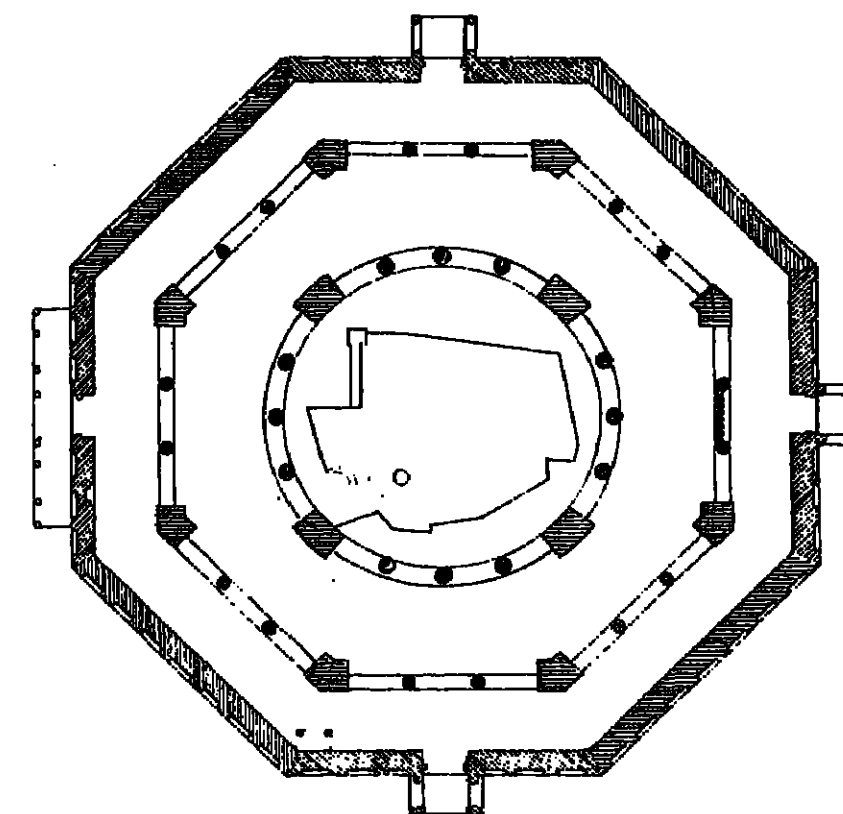
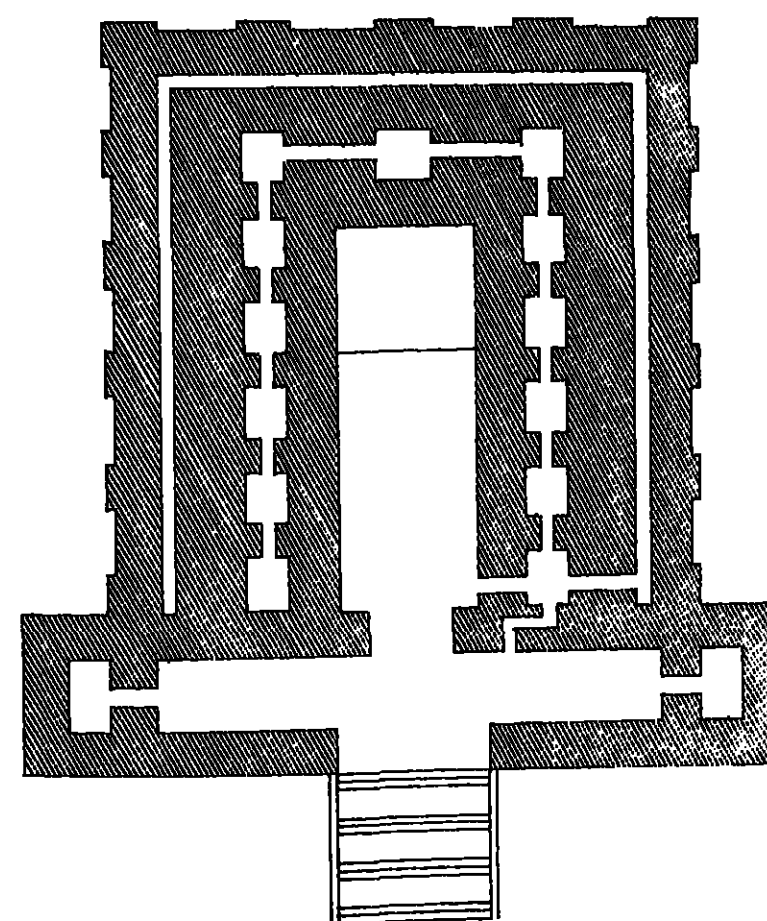
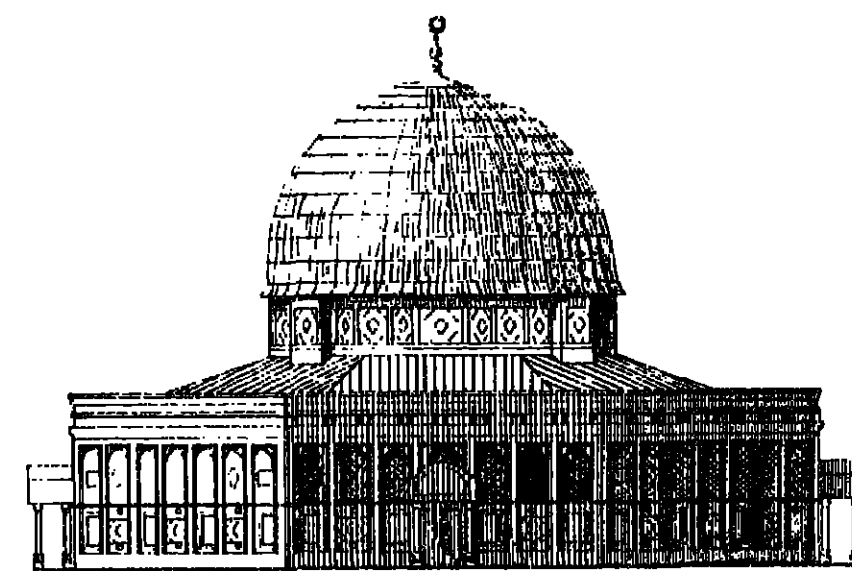
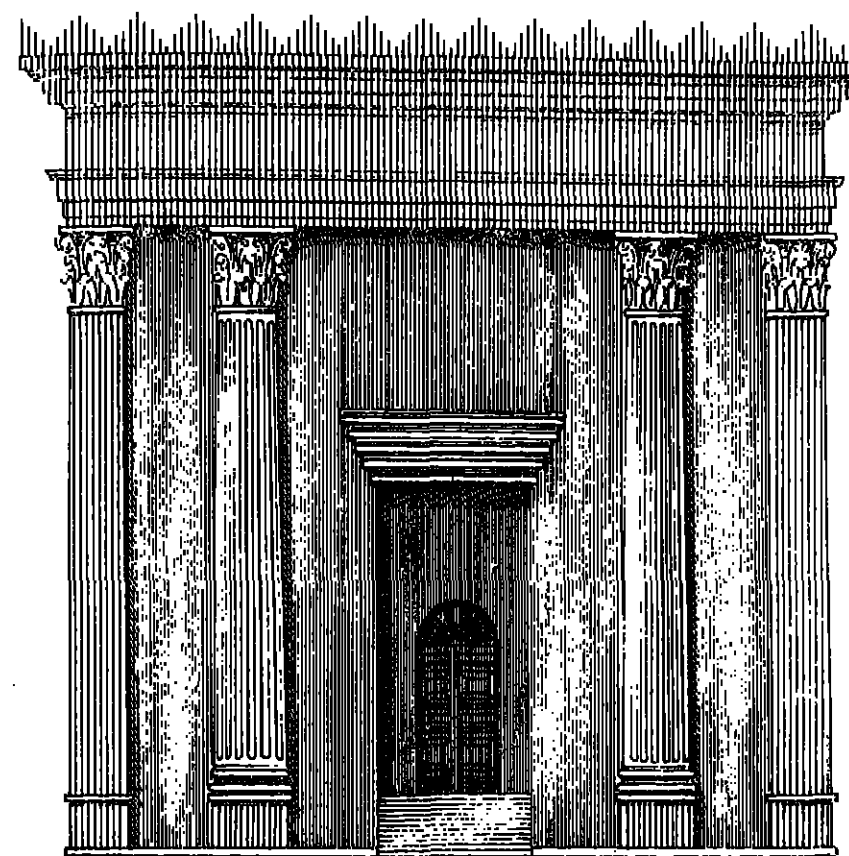
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THE JERUSALEM
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DRAWING ON
THE PAST

Friday, November 16, 1984

The Dome of the Rock and the facade of the Second Temple, showing considerable difference in height but similar sized floor plan. Archeological drawings by Claudia Himmelman -- page 8.

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The meaning of peace

There were reports this week of a possible thaw in the long-frozen peace process which began with Anwar Sadat's astonishing visit to Jerusalem, seven years ago next week. Minister Ezer Weizman was one of the pioneers of the peace and established a warm friendship with Sadat. He was interviewed by Amnon Dotan, before the recent signs of improvement in relations.



Dotan: Six years have passed since the peace agreement with Egypt and it seems to have cooled and become stunted. Egyptian [verbal] attacks on Israel are becoming commonplace, and are perhaps even directed from above. How do you see the agreement, looking back on it from today's perspective?

Weizman: First of all, I see the peace agreement in a positive light. If I had to go through the same thing again, just as it was, as the only existing possibility, I would again take part in what we did six years ago. Secondly, I do not believe that there is a directive in Egypt to attack Israel. Egypt has its opposition too. There are varying opinions, and no one has yet done any research to clarify what sort of opinions have spread throughout Israel in the past six years concerning Egypt and the peace agreement.

Opinions have been expressed by official leaders, as Knesset members and government ministers, and the interesting thing is that, in the previous government, the prime minister, the minister of defence and the finance minister all voted against the peace. [Whereas on the Egyptian side] Hosni Mubarak, Osama al-Baz, Kamal Hassan Ali and Butros Ghali were all for the peace agreement. It must also be remembered that Egypt made a giant move, for which it was ejected from the Arab world for an extended period. It is now returning to it, and it is much for the best that Egypt should be part of the Arab world, as long as it is not to our detriment.

The question is: Is it really not to our detriment and to that of the peace agreement?

I really don't think so. I think it is only natural that Egypt, the largest Arab country, should be part of the

Arab world. I think it can be exploited as an opening to the Arab world. We must be partners with the Egyptians in making our way to the Arab world. It was hard for the Egyptians as well: diplomatic relations, the Canal opened, transport connections, and they still signed the agreement — a peace whose significance, among other things, was that Sinai was a restricted area for them, militarily speaking.

You wrote in your book, *The Battle for Peace*: "I was bitterly attacked following my suggestion that we should suggest border changes to the Egyptians, enabling them to penetrate slightly into the Negev, to be able to hold both of the airfields."

It's true. I thought it was worth trying. They attacked me.

The basis for your suggestion seems to have been your meeting with Sadat and [the late Egyptian war minister] Mohammed Gamasy; it was after that you suggested it to the government. Did you present the plan on the basis of your impressions of the Egyptian leadership, which was eager for a settlement?

Of course I thought it had a chance. But I repeat: at the moment, it's of no importance.

Your suggestion for territorial exchange failed. Who caused it to fail, and what was he after?

Look, I don't know how real this is, but all kinds of people brought it down. They thought it was possible to achieve peace with Egypt without returning the whole of Sinai or even part of it, and they were horrified. At a certain juncture, if the Egyptians had stopped "playing," a lot of folks would have breathed more easily. I cannot now balance the considerations of the government seven years ago. I repeat: this peace

process is one of the most important courses in strengthening Israel's base in the Middle East.

Do you not see two opposing trends here, of people trying to give peace a different content?

I think that some of my colleagues did not recognize the greatness of the hour.

Did they not understand, or was it that they wanted something else?

Look...of course they wanted something else. If they didn't understand it, then they certainly understood what they wanted to understand. And here one had to be a "national carrier" to indicate the way — the way one has to be for people who are sometimes afraid to go into battle.

Studying the negotiating process, was it clear that you stood "exposed in the turret," battling with superior forces against trends that were blocking the breakthrough to peace — in other words, that it was Weizman against Dayan and Begin?

Too true. You can quote from my book...I thought that to go — after Sadat had come to Jerusalem and spoken about peace — and plant two castles in the air someplace in Sinai, it just wasn't sensible! This was the situation: I'm sitting in Cairo with Gamasy and a note arrives saying that they have just announced the setting up of some points in Sinai...I think that the whole atmosphere was one of misunderstanding the greatness of the hour.

How do you explain the aggressively suspicious response of then chief of general staff Mordechai Gur in the face of Sadat's intentions to visit Jerusalem, especially in view of the fact that, had his opinion been

accepted, the entire peace initiative would have come to nothing?

First of all, his opinion was not accepted, and he was reprimanded for having expressed it, because it wasn't the business of the chief of general staff — especially not in public. It's his prerogative to express his opinion when he is in consultation with the political echelon. But as the highest army figure, in my opinion he was out of line and was reprimanded for it by me from the Knesset podium.

Nevertheless, how do you explain this irregularity?

Look, everything is a question of character — there are people who are convinced they know everything, but this isn't always the case...and here there was a sort of feeling that everything began and ended with defence. So defence is very important in our lives. But apart from this there is the basic Jewish problem: first of all, the idea that we are hated, that everyone's out to trick us. We have to prove that this isn't so. That attitude comes from the *galut*, and Zionism ought to uproot it from among us. I'm not saying that I instantly believe just anyone, but I don't begin with the assumption that everyone is out to deceive me, whereas he [Motta Gur] immediately says: "Huh! This is the biggest trick yet," and so on.

Everyone recalls that when Sadat came to this country — when you were in hospital after an accident — there was an attempt to appoint the late Yigael Yadin as your stand-in on the negotiating team. And then you burst out of hospital and into the negotiations with that famous Weizman viality. Do you feel that there would have been any substantial difference in the outcome of the negotiations,

had they been conducted in your absence?

I think there would have been. Look, this is one of the biggest arguments about history: to what extent does history make people, and to what extent do people make history? The truth, it would appear, is somewhere in between the two positions. I, at any rate, want to believe that even if I hadn't taken part, they would have woken up and understood how to conduct the affair.

What were Sadat's expectations from the settlement? Did he not suspect that an impression would be created of Egypt being out solely to solve its own problems?

What Sadat was after at the beginning was some sort of proclamation (I called it a "fig-leaf," but it wasn't really the right expression) or proof that the Egyptians weren't going it alone, but that they were going to solve their problem — Sinai. And they also saw themselves as carrying forward the notion of a comprehensive peace and [a solution to] the Palestinian problem. They wanted us to issue some sort of joint declaration on these lines at the Ismailiya Conference, but it didn't come off.

In opposing a joint declaration, I believe that Dayan claimed Sadat would not be satisfied with it. Is that right?

There were all kinds of claims, everyone knew what everyone else wanted. That whole thing — that if I tell him, I already know what he'll say...tell him, and let's see what he says. Why should you say it first? It's just the sort of thing they say today: "There's no one to speak to." Try — perhaps there is someone to speak to!

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

There was an impression that Sadat made a marked distinction between you and Dayan. Is that so?

Yes it is.

You have frequently claimed that it would have been possible to reach an agreement with the Egyptians without American mediation. How were they brought into the negotiations?

We were disappointed at the Ismailiya Conference; nothing came of it. However, so that the thing shouldn't die completely, we had the idea of establishing joint military and political committees and it was agreed that the military committee would meet in Cairo and the political one in Jerusalem. By the way, this shows that at the beginning both Sadat and Foreign Minister Ibrahim Kamal came to Jerusalem in the framework of the political committee. In short, someone jumped up—I believe it was Dayan—and said that the Americans ought to be involved, that it wouldn't work without them.

It was his prerogative, but I think he was exaggerating slightly, especially after the failure of the meeting at Ismailiya. At Ismailiya we lost our independence in discussion. My line was based on the fact that for years we had been educated to expect two things: that the people of Israel desired peace, and that the correct way was direct talks between us and the Arab leadership.

As soon as the Arab leadership arrived on the scene, we ran, gut-like, to the Americans. It's true that today I am prepared to admit that I prefer peace with American influence to no peace at all. In any case, I felt that insufficient stress was being laid on personal contact between the Israeli and the Egyptian leadership. Direct and personal meetings should have been given more of a chance, and not under the patronage of the American umbrella—as it was eventually called.

You're stressing the different styles of the various alternatives. The question is: What are the political results of each style?

My estimate is that personal contacts could have achieved various, better results—all the things that I tried to do: border changes and territorial exchanges. Dayan had a clear opinion from the start: that without the Americans, it wouldn't work. I wasn't prepared to accept this in advance, before a serious crisis.

In other words, you knew that what we could achieve face to face with Sadat would be more difficult to achieve once the Americans came onto the scene?

Of course, since we knew in advance what the Americans' interests were—and they were clear: back to the '67 lines with minimum modifications; and Rogers and Brookings and all those plans. And we knew that for the Egyptians, it would be far easier to lean on the Americans. I believe that Dayan claimed the Egyptians were also interested, at the end of the day, that the Americans should join in.

The question is: Which Egyptians?

Look, I wasn't aware of this with Sadat. Sadat had, of course, a great liking for Carter, but he was very critical as well. In any case, at the Ismailiya Conference they said, "Let's have the Americans in as observers, on the political as well as the military committees." Gamasy and I instinctively objected. It is a



fact that we sat down in Cairo, and that the military committee functioned for six months without a single "explosion," while the political committee in Jerusalem "blew up" after the first session. Its members were Moshe Arens, Menachem Begin, Moshe Dayan and Ibrahim Kamal.

You have often described differences of opinion and a conflict of interest between yourself and your two colleagues—Begin and Dayan. Wouldn't it be correct to say that there was similar dissension on the Egyptian side? What were the differences of opinion there and who held them?

On the Egyptian side it was more difficult to identify differences of opinion, but they emerged in two instances. One was when Gamasy was transferred to another post. With all my admiration for him, I feel that he would have become much more intransigent, for example. And in the whole subject of the military addendum, which I feel was one of the great achievements of the peace agreement, what was permitted and what wasn't: 200 km. west of Israel's border, there's virtually nothing; 50 km. east of the Canal, there's perhaps one mechanized division and nothing else; no fighter planes, no ground-to-air missiles. And still, as a peace agreement, my feeling is that on this subject Gamasy would have objected. He also had some sort of personal conflict with Sadat.

The second clash that I felt was with Ibrahim Kamal. I didn't know Ismail Fahmy, who resigned as foreign minister just before Sadat's visit to Jerusalem. Butros Ghali was one of the great contributors to the

peace, although Begin for some reason was always critical of him. Osama al-Baz was the man behind the scenes—he was everywhere, but you hardly ever saw him... Today, he's Mubarak's right-hand man.

But he was the "hidden" man of Muhammad Hassanin Heykal and Ismail Fahmy (who opposed the peace process) and after that, Mubarak's...

Yes, yes. He sat at Camp David and worked hard there. I admire him a great deal, although I don't agree with him. He thinks differently—so how many people like that do we have here? I'm not sure whether he's their "Teiyya," but...

If we've touched on Osama al-Baz, the question of the involvement of Attorney-General (now Supreme Court Justice) Aharon Barak in the internal struggles of the Israeli team at Camp David is no less interesting.

He had considerable status at Camp David. But at the Madison Hotel in March 1979 [just before the treaty was signed] Meir Rosenne [then the Foreign Ministry's legal adviser] had much more to say.

Did Begin choose Barak by any chance?

I don't think so. I don't think that Begin planned in advance that Barak could contribute to the peace agreement. Listen, sometimes history makes certain things seem highly significant, but it turns out that they were the result of chance. But I think that Begin was certainly thinking ahead when he chose Dayan.

Was it also not chance that Begin took Dayan to Morocco and left you at

home, without your knowing anything about it?

Only me? Everyone. Look, it's the prime minister's prerogative, but I don't think it was the right thing to do, especially to members of his own party.

Begin even got Dayan into the Ministry of Defence, on the eve of the Six Day War in '67, so the tie between them didn't date from '77, and it wasn't a chance one...

Yes, even though at the beginning [in 1967] Begin talked about Ben-Gurion [as defence minister and prime minister instead of Eshkol].

With your permission let us turn to the nuclear question and its ramifications as regards the peace process. What is your stand on the argument among Israeli politicians over the nuclear option as opposed to conventional armament, and what are your reasons?

I prefer not to discuss this subject. But I will say one thing: I have no doubt that it won't take long—what is "long" in historical terms? It's already 11 years after the Yom Kippur War, and 17 years after the Six Day War. In 15 to 17 years, I estimate that the issue will be an important one in the Middle East. I wrote in my book [The Battle for Peace] that the best option for the State of Israel is to achieve a peace settlement, before the nuclear issue, with all its power, becomes part of the scene.

In that case, why has Israel refrained to this day from signing the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty?

That was a government decision. Let's go on to something else.

Let's turn to the eastern front, and the problems connected with it. How do you view the PLO? Is it inconceivable that we should talk to them?

So long as the PLO does not change its covenant, I can't consider including it in talks. Anyone who comes to me as an organizational, representative body, without a covenant calling for my destruction, but with the basic declaration that he recognizes the State of Israel and wants to reach a settlement with it through talks, is welcome. He can call himself anything he likes, it's of no concern to me. I am not bound to any framework, and I make the same recommendation to every government—no pre-conditions, talk to anyone who wants to find a way to live in peace with me in the Middle East. This, however, is not to say that I will in advance be prepared to accept what he wants.

At the beginning of 1979, so they say in the territories, you sent a message to Arafat, who was then in Beirut, via Karim Khalaf. Is this true?

I sent a message to Arafat? Are you mad? What an ideal!

How did you estimate the political significance of the PLO's National Guidance Committee which was established and flourished during your term as minister of defence?

Look, there were those who considered it far more serious than I did. In the General Security Services there were arguments about it. Now I'm not criticizing the security services—they're one of the best things we have. But there's something interesting here: Where is the defence border, and where is the political border? I'm sure that Dayan as

minister of defence also had arguments like this, and not just with the security services but also with us, GHQ for example, over the issue of opening or closing the bridges over the Jordan [GHQ, in contrast to Dayan, was against opening them—A.D.]. The same thing is true in connection with the National Guidance Committee.

Why do I have to look so far? During the Labour government—and I don't deny it—Messrs. Karim Khalaf and Bassam Shak'a were elected when not Dayan and not Weizman but Shimon Peres was defence minister. I admit that I didn't see the committee and its outlawing as useful. I thought that if one was attempting to grant that compromise of power known as autonomy, one ought to show more openness than closed-mindedness.

With all this, it's difficult to ignore the very negative role played by the committee as regards Sadat; it was established, in effect, as a negative response to the Camp David Agreement. This raises the question of whether there is no contradiction between your firm support of the Camp David Agreement and the marked negative trend towards that agreement in the territories during your term as defence minister.

I don't see any conflict here. I thought and still think that it was better to work through the elected representatives on the West Bank and try to find a way through them. It worked with Elias Freij and it worked with others.

I'd like to remind you that people like Elias Freij and Rashid al-Shawwa were elected from the ranks of the Guidance Committee.

You know, Freij came to see me on behalf of Bassam Shak'a.

Perhaps that was because he knew who and what were threatening him?

I'm giving you my opinion retroactively, going back six years; I followed a certain policy, and I don't want anyone saying that under me the defence situation was less good than it is today. It's a fact that they opened fire not long ago in Phaseel, so I don't want anyone coming to me with any stories.

But the question is: Where do you see the bridge between the committee and the Camp David settlement, which the National Guidance Committee opposed?

I don't see any bridge. I think that, in the end, those who are elected in Gaza and the West Bank will play a great part in all this. You can't get away from it.

Finally, how do you see Jordan's role in the process, and what should the government do to speed it up?

Jordan is a serious and moderate neighbour, looking for a way to peace. Whatever the solution, Jordan will still be the neighbour with the longest border with us, similar to Egypt's. I see it as positive that Jordan enter into talks with us. What the solution will be, I'm not prepared to determine ahead of time. In any case, I think that the government of Israel has to get a grasp of things again and see the peace agreement that was signed six years ago as one of the most important courses adopted by the State of Israel—one that will make it more normal, more firmly-based, more fruitful and simply a nicer place, part of the Middle East. How many times do I have to say so?

THE REMINDER me very much of the character in the short story by Karel Capek—the genius chess-player who was also a simple village.

This, in essence, is how Tel Aviv University Professor Shimon Shamir perceived the late Anwar Sadat, the man who seven years ago sought to change the course of Middle East history when he made his dramatic trip to Jerusalem.

Surrounded by piles of as yet unsold books in the library of his Jerusalem home—the hiatus of his just-concluded two-and-a-half years in Egypt as director of the Israeli Academic Centre in Cairo—Shamir reflected at length on the character of the man and the fate of his dream, from the unique viewpoint of one who, perhaps more intensely than any other Israeli, had experienced Sadat's peace at first hand.

SHAMIR met twice with Sadat in person—on the first occasion, in Jerusalem, at the time of his historic visit, and two years later in Alexandria, where a long tête-à-tête with the Egyptian leader greatly sharpened the insights he had gained from years of study.

"Of course, I had already read a lot about Sadat and had been watching him on TV, reading his speeches and so on. But what I got from the face to face meeting in Alexandria in 1979 was a much more vivid picture of the contradiction inherent in his personality.

"On the one hand, he had vision. There can be no doubt about that. When he talked about the future, there was a certain dream that he wished to see realized. And he foresaw peace with Israel in the most far-reaching terms: he wanted it to become the cornerstone of an entirely new structure in the Middle East.

"On the other hand, he was a great simplifier. He would reduce everything to simple statements that were, for someone brought up in the academic world, sometimes quite shocking. But this was also the source of his strength: for since he managed to reduce very complex situations to some simple dictum, he could act without restraint."

Shamir goes on to describe Sadat's remarkably idiosyncratic process of reasoning and decision making:

"Sadat knew exactly what he was doing. The whole process of thinking things out and making decisions was a process within himself. It was not a matter of give and take with consultants, pressure groups and what not. Before he made a decision, he would always withdraw deep into himself and extract the decision from the depths of his own personality.

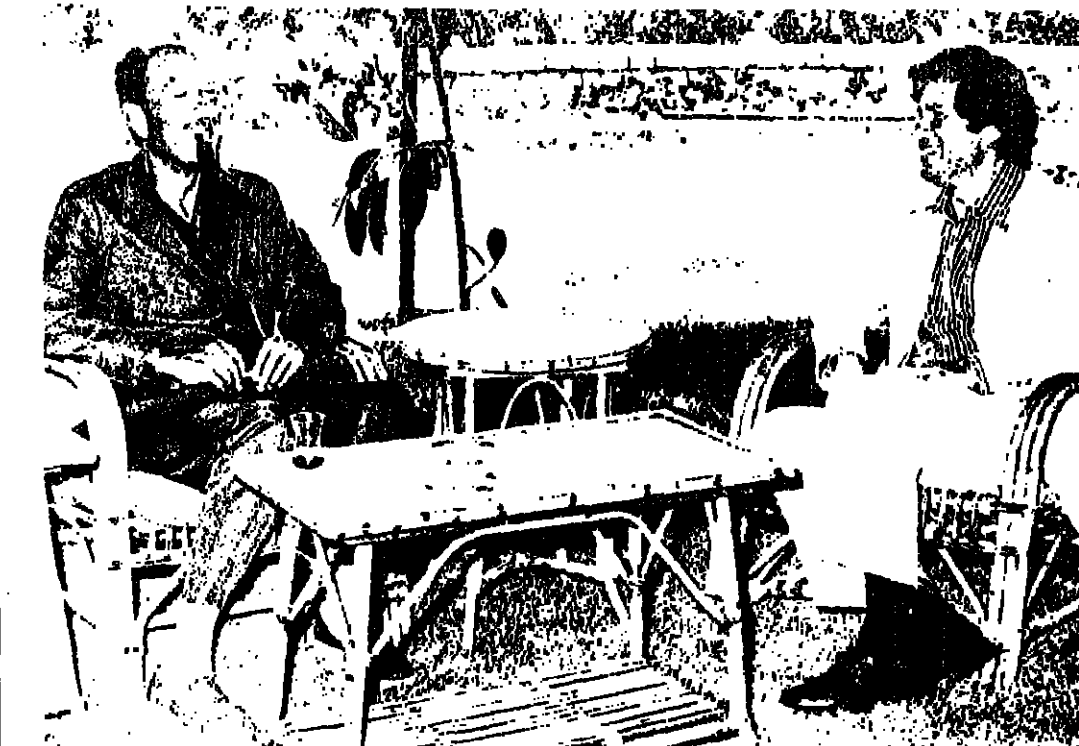
"And his decisions were never compromises. They were always absolutely clearcut, with no hedging—whether it was the decision to go to war in 1973, to seek peace with Israel four years later, to sever ties with the Soviet Union, or to throw in his lot with the Americans.

"He was, in short, completely autonomous in his thinking and decision-making processes.

This characteristic of Sadat's, Shamir notes, was also extremely dangerous, and probably cost him his life: "Sadat's brand of autonomous decision making created a vast gulf between himself and those who surrounded him, so that he was in the end unable to gauge public mood with the same facility he had displayed in the past. He was out of touch. The unfortunate decision just a month before his death to initiate wholesale arrests—something that alienated almost everyone and probably led directly to his assassination—was very much the result of this distance."

The stagnant dream

The man who has experienced Anwar Sadat's peace probably more intensely than any other Israeli is Shimon Shamir, just back from two-and-a-half years as head of the Israeli Academic Centre in Cairo. He reflects on Sadat's personality and the past, present and future of the peace process in this interview with DAVID BERNSTEIN.



President Anwar Sadat and Professor Shimon Shamir converse in Alexandria in 1979.

ONE OF THE MOST significant products of Sadat's autonomous thought processes, according to Shamir, was his perception of the Arab-Israeli conflict largely in terms of psychological barriers:

"It is a measure of Sadat's insight into the Arab-Israeli conflict that he was the first to point out the importance of psychological barriers. And, as I understand it, his historic visit to Jerusalem was motivated by his wish to create a new psychological environment."

And in this, Shamir believes, Sadat partly succeeded—"but to my mind, not enough."

"If we ask ourselves what went wrong with the peace process, we can formulate it in precisely these

terms: the parties concerned did not manage to undergo a complete psychological transformation, to readjust themselves to a new reality, to get rid of priorities that the possibility of peace had made obsolete and to rearrange their hierarchy of priorities according to the new situation.

"Take the Israelis, for example. In my view, the possibility of a comprehensive peace between Israel and its Arab neighbours should have motivated Israeli society to rethink its goals in this generation, and to put aside those goals which seemed to be very important before the peace process but which should have been seen to be of secondary importance following the new reality created by

the signing of the peace treaty.

"We should have concentrated our efforts, mobilized our resources in order to make this peace the cornerstone of a whole structure of peace in the region.

"We should have realized that the creation of this Israeli-Egyptian partnership was something that should have restricted our actions with a view to serving this peace process rather than other goals. What I have in mind, of course, are Lebanon, settlements and all the other goals that occupied a central place over the past seven years at the expense of the peace process with Egypt."

What the Israeli government did over the past seven years, Shamir



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8.00 p.m.)

Products and projects designed in the last decade, and chosen for their functional and aesthetic qualities. These exhibits are meant to fulfill the special physical needs of the disabled.

MUSIC ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK

MUSICAL EVENING - A series of three programmes. 1st Programme, participating: Chaim Yuval, oboe; Yigal Tureh and Raphael Marcus, violins; Miriam Hartman, viola; Michael Haran, cello; Prina Salzman, piano. Producer: Michael Haran. Saturday, 17.11, 8.30 p.m.

AN EVENING OF BRAHMS SONATAS - Emanuel Gruber, cello; Michael Boguslevsky, piano. Tuesday, 20.11, 8.30 p.m.

CINEMA - Premiere Screenings 'THE HOLY INNOCENTS'
(Spain, 1984, in colour, 105 min., in Spanish with Hebrew and English subtitles). The story of a family of vagabonds in conflict with the land owners. Daily at 4.30, 7.30, 9.30 p.m. Saturday at 7.30, 9.30 p.m.

Special Screening: FALASHA: EXILE OF THE BLACK JEWS
(Canada, 1983, in colour, 80 min., English with Hebrew subtitles). Simha Yakobovitch and Susan Piron's documentary, filmed in Ethiopia, Sudan and Israel. The film reveals the escape from Ethiopia and presents various political, social and psychological points of view. First prize of the San Antonio Film Festival. Wednesday, 21.11, 8.30 a.m.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION

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DRIVE CAREFULLY

LET'S NOT MEET
BY ACCIDENT

(Continued from page 5)

framework that will be the result of sustained cultural dialogue. I do not believe that we will be able to interact effectively.

Shamir is rather less worried by the average Egyptian man in the street, who, he notes, is not only basically apolitical, but has far less difficulty than the intellectuals conceptualizing peace with Israel:

"From people in the street, you would hear comments like: 'Well, we have been living with Jews in this country for many generations [Shamir notes that the Egyptian Jew has left an extremely positive impression among his Muslim neighbours] and we can do the same with neighbouring states.' In other words, they are able to take the Egyptian Jew whom they knew personally and were able to relate to positively and project this onto their Israeli neighbour. This is a facility denied to the Egyptian intellectual, who has to reconcile intellectually peace with Israel with such things as Pan-Arabism, Islamic traditional attitudes, Third World leftist ideologies, and so on."

Turning to one of the main impediments to the effective development of the peace process, Shamir takes issue with Israel's seemingly unshakable scepticism concerning the peace with Egypt.

"If, for the Egyptians, the main difficulty with the peace has been the question of its legitimacy - how to legitimize peace with a political community that had been ideologically delegitimized - for Israelis, the question has been: Will peace endure? Well, it has endured. It has passed all the major tests: the death of Sadat, completion of the withdrawal from Sinai, war with neighbouring Arab states, and even the restoration of formal relations between Egypt and one of the key countries that has negated its peace with Israel, Jordan."

Peace endures, Shamir argues, "precisely because it is not based on trust. I do not believe that international relations are ever based on trust. On the contrary, they are based on very healthy mistrust. And that the peace with Egypt has endured simply goes to prove that it is based, not on trust, but on interest - the most solid foundation for any arrangement in international relations."

"It is a fact that the Egyptians benefit from peace. Take their economy. They have today an annual income of some \$2 billion from oil, another \$1b. from Suez Canal dues, more than \$1b. from tourism, in addition to more than \$2b. in aid from the Americans. These are formidable sums by any standard, and quite simply would not have been forthcoming were it not for peace, and would decline dramatically were Egypt to re-enter the cycle of war with Israel."

Furthermore, Shamir notes, there is a very considerable commitment to the state of peace at the grassroots level of Egyptian society. He illustrates this tellingly, with a description of Egyptian reactions to TV coverage of the war in Lebanon: "These were, of course, strongly anti-Israel. But at the same time, could perceive in their reactions a kind of relief that Sadat had taken them out of the cycle of war with Israel, and that they were spared the kind of horrors they were witnessing in Lebanon. Peace was a great achievement, whatever they might feel about Israel specifically; and they don't want to lose it."

FOR ALL THAT, Shamir is careful to caution against complacency on Israel's part:

"I would hesitate to project what

has happened so far into the future. I believe that the Egyptians are in fact committed to peace, that it is a solid element in their foreign policy - but it shouldn't mislead us. Peace has become an empty shell. We have all the formalities of peace, or at least most of them, but the conceptual foundation of peace has become alarmingly weakened.

"On the Israeli side, there is extreme scepticism, which can so easily become a self-fulfilling prophecy. If you don't believe in peace, you behave as though it didn't exist."

On the Egyptian side, the ability to conceptualize peace in positive Arab-Egyptian terms hardly exists any more. An Egyptian leader cannot justify peace just by the fact that it is good for the economy. He must be in a position to tell his own



people, as well as his Arab critics, that peace does, in fact, serve some basic Arab values and goals.

"At the beginning of the peace process, this seemed to be feasible: he could have pointed out that Egypt had embarked upon something new, something that would put an end to the resolution of conflict by force; that there would be no more war, everything would be resolved through diplomacy, negotiation. He could also have argued that this was the only way something positive could be done for the Palestinians, and that this was the only way to advance towards a comprehensive peace."

"Well, a war did break out between Israel and an Arab state after the signing of the peace treaty; the Palestinians' situation has not tangibly improved since 1977, and the Egyptians cannot show that peace with Israel has improved their lot, improved their chances of achieving some political rights; and there has been no movement at all towards any comprehensive solution to the Middle East conflict."

"How can the Egyptians possibly conceptualize, rationalize, legitimize this peace except in terms of self-interest - which are not very convenient terms in internal, and more particularly in inter-Arab, debate?"

"So, what we have here is something that goes on existing because the two sides still have an interest in it. But their attitudes towards peace have changed very radically. And you have a situation in Egypt today where Camp David has become a four-letter word in Egyptian political vocabulary. This will not necessarily lead the Egyptians to cancel their commitment, but it could well create a situation where the whole peace structure will not be able to withstand some future crisis because it is too weak, because its foundations are shaky, because it does not have sufficient people in both countries who are committed not only to make this peace endure, but to nourish it, to develop it."

LOOKING TO the future, Shamir believes that Israel should drop its habit of "testing" the peace, and address itself to the problem of strengthening its foundations:

"When I left Egypt 10 days ago,

the prevailing atmosphere there was one of great scepticism about the new government in Israel. The general evaluation was that nothing much had changed. There may be some new faces in government, people who have perhaps placed peace higher on their list of priorities. But, as far as actual policies are concerned, nothing has changed and nothing will change."

"It should be in our interest to show that we can be more dynamic, that we can come up with new initiatives to revive the peace process."

"The structure, the instrumentalities of peace are all there. What is required is the channelling of some energy into this issue. The imagination and courage to cope with problems that have become part of a general stagnation."

"Take the problem of Taba, for instance. This, I have been told, could easily have been solved at the time. But it has now become an issue. Both sides have climbed tall trees and will have to come down. And it becomes harder and harder as time passes."

Taba would, in fact, be a good point to start the process of breathing new life into the peace process, Shamir believes:

"This is one of those issues that are a symptom rather than a cause of the present situation. It is relatively minor, and can be solved easily in an atmosphere of greater confidence and cooperation. We cannot at present get to grips with the major issues. But we can cope with the minor problems, such as Taba, and in this way create a better atmosphere in order to begin once again nourishing the peace process and nurturing relations between the two countries."

Shamir is not unduly worried at this point about noises coming from Cairo about a possible shift from Egypt's commitment to the present peace framework towards a revival of international diplomacy involving not only the U.S. but also the Soviet Union and its protégés in the region. President Mubarak's foreign adviser, Dr. Osama al-Baz, was quoted as saying last week that he foresaw a reconvening of the Geneva Middle East Peace Conference, with Soviet participation, by the middle of next year.

"If the Egyptians opt for that path, it will mean a withdrawal from Sadat's strategy, from Sadat's concept. I believe that one of the outstanding features of the Sadat initiative was the direct approach. At a time when everyone was talking about Geneva, he had the vision and courage to fly straight to Jerusalem and try to work things out with the Israelis. This was the Sadat approach - the step that made the whole peace process possible. To take it back into the international arena, with the Soviets and the Syrians and so on, means total despair."

"I do hope the Egyptians have not so despaired of the chances of moving forward with the Israelis that they will replace this. There is talk of this. And there is a mood of pessimism in Cairo, that I could read very distinctly. But I do not believe matters have yet reached a point of total despair."

"Moreover, it is our responsibility to see that the Egyptians do not arrive at this point. It should be our business to show them that we have the ideas to take the peace process forward within the existing framework, to deter them from opting for a forum where the chances of any progress are doomed from the start."

"For to my mind, if you go back to an international forum like Geneva, you actually give up on the entire peace process."

THE RUSTY can on Jaffa Road sits between a beggar and a crudely written sign asking for contributions. The sign reads: "Please help me. I am a destitute. I have no father, no mother. I am an orphan and need help." Dozing peacefully alongside the can is the "orphan": a heavy-set man in his mid-fifties, dressed in tattered clothes, his chunky, hairy arms covered with tattoos.

People waiting in line to purchase tickets at Jerusalem's Central Bus Station are approached by a stocky, religious woman who very matter-of-factly asks for money, explaining that her children need to eat.

In Ben Yehuda Street, a tall, slim man wearing an overcoat in the middle of summer and a baseball cap asks passersby if they speak English. Those that do get a follow-up question: "Can you spare some change for lunch?"

They are a part of the Jerusalem landscape. You can't walk through the city centre, take a bus from the Central Bus Station or pray at the Western Wall without encountering them.

Most Jerusalemites hardly notice them anymore; but those who see these beggars for the first time might find themselves being moved by the sight of dirty, hungry, blind and disabled people sitting or lying on the pavements, begging for hand-outs.

Who are the beggars of Jerusalem? Are they con-artists playing on our sympathies, or are they genuinely in need? Where do they go and how do they live when they're not "at work"? Do they have family, and if they do, what kind of family permits a father or a mother to live on the streets? Also, how is it possible that in the State of Israel, a socialist country, more importantly a Jewish country, people slip through the safety net and land so harshly on the streets?

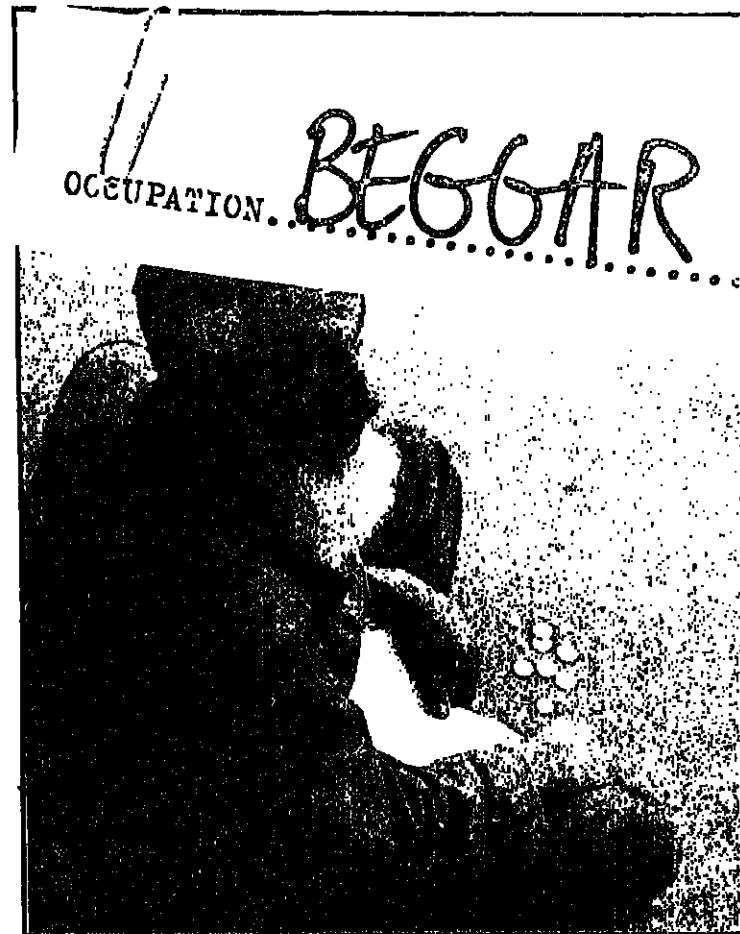
According to Prof. Eliezer Jaffe of the Hebrew University's School of Social Work, among Jerusalem's beggars there are some drifters who beg their way through the country, in addition to those who live here permanently.

Steven B., the English-speaker who can be found most often in the downtown "Triangle," falls into the first category. He has blond hair and a brown beard and looks at least 10 years younger than his 43 years. Despite the muggy, hot weather he wears a long-sleeved corduroy shirt, a sweater, and an overcoat. He carries his belongings with him in a large canvas bag.

When I invite him to join me for lunch, he hesitates. After looking me over closely for a long moment his eyes light up with recognition. "Didn't you once help me out?" he asks. A 10-shekel coin I had given him several months before makes him feel it is safe to come with me. As an added precaution he chooses the site, a nearby café.

Steven describes himself as a life-long beggar. As a kid in Philadelphia, he says, "I asked people for change a little bit." He has begged in many parts of the world and says that conditions here compare favourably with those in other countries. Just the other day a woman handed him a 155,000 bill. According to Steven, on a good day, "if you're prepared to work long hours," you can earn as much as 150,000. Tax-free.

But he isn't too ambitious. Most mornings he wakes up late, after a night on a bench in Independence Park, and begs for enough to buy himself a few meals and a couple of bus tickets. Friday is the exception. The shops close early and he has to be on the streets early to earn



Most beggars don't want to be rehabilitated. "I have my job, my hours, my clients, my corner," they say. JOEL REBIBO investigates.

enough money, and to get to the stores in time.

While Steven is willing to ask passersby for a handout, he doesn't ask shopkeepers for free food, coffee, and so on. Perhaps this explains the friendly welcome he gets when he enters the café.

There is a mix-up in our order and the waiter brings us an extra cup of coffee. Instead of sending it back, I tell Steven it's his if he wants it. He is excessively grateful. He eats so intensely that questions have to wait until he has finished his cheese sandwich and his first coffee. The suspicion I have that he is not really in need is soon dispelled as I watch him eat.

He says the war in Lebanon is the reason why he's in Israel. He is an Israeli citizen who made aliyah in 1972 and, he tells me, he has served in the Israel Air Force. He returned to Israel in May 1983 in order to "help" in the war. He says he served in the reserves for one month and was given a discharge from the Air Force.

He had been living on disability payments from the American social security service. He is vague about the nature of his disability. When pressed, he motions to his knee and shrugs. One suspects that his disability may not be physical.

When the payments were stopped a little over a year ago, he went back to the only profession he's ever succeeded at.

It's not as if he hasn't tried to make it in more acceptable fields. He has held a series of odd jobs. Once he worked for a meat company, "but after I stabbed myself a couple of times. I decided to quit." During the '60s he drifted to Haight-Ashbury, and found work as a caller outside a strip joint in San Francisco. He can't hold on to a job because he has trouble getting along with his co-workers. He has always been a loner.

"I'd really like to work alone," he says, "fix up a house or a garden or something for a couple of months." He doesn't speak about his father or mother. He has a brother. 10

Moshe made aliyah 27 years ago from Turkey. His first jobs were with the Jewish National Fund and the Jerusalem Municipality. After seven or eight years he was out of a job - another vague "disability" - and began working the streets.

He also has no family he can depend on. A son and a daughter live in Tiberias, but he refuses to be a burden to them as they are in no position to help.

He lives in a windowless bomb shelter in the Bukharan section. "It's a community of tsaddikim," he says.

Moshe was willing to join me on a curb near the bus station and submit to a brief interview, but he was always on his guard and skillfully avoided answering such questions as, "Do you receive payments from National Insurance?"

When asked how much he can earn in a day, he refused to give a figure; but when pressed he did not deny that he can make 150,000. Judging from his performance with me, he is probably doing much better than that. At the start he asked for and received "ten hundred shekels." Ten minutes later he asked for another "ten hundred." I resisted, insisting that we continue with our interview, but he would not let up. His persistent pleas were mixed with promises that my children would be *bnei tsaddikim*. He was a very skillful salesman who wouldn't take "no" for an answer, and he walked away with 152,000 after 20 minutes of work.

He dresses in a shabby overcoat, and non-kosher *tsitzit*; he wears a pair of worn slippers. As he talks, his ill-fitting lower dentures shake loose. This could be the cause of his encephalitis. It is clear that a man like him, in his mid-seventies, should not be living like that. Even if he makes more than enough to feed himself, his mental well-being is neglected.

AVRAHAM works on a side street in Jerusalem's Me'a She'arim district, a few minutes away from his home. His clothing does not identify him as a beggar; he shows passersby a letter written (in Hebrew and English) by the Eda Haredit Community Council, and quietly asks for contributions.

There is none of the pushy, abrasive quality found in some beggars, and it seems odd that he doesn't take his letter to the busier streets nearby.

Avraham was born in Jerusalem about 50 years ago. He has seven children, the eldest of whom is 14. As his letter and thick glasses indicate, he has very poor eyesight.

He worked for many years as a printer, but his eyesight deteriorated before he could qualify for a pension; the disability payments he receives do not cover the cost of raising a family of nine.

He sees begging as his only alternative. But he is different from the other beggars with whom I spoke. Most are either unwilling or unable to provide accurate information about themselves. Those who are mentally alert tend to be suspicious; those who are not, simply do not understand what they are being asked.

But Avraham is uncomfortable answering questions about life as a beggar because he hasn't come to terms with the fact that he is a beggar. Perhaps that is why he avoids the main streets. As he answers questions about beggars, he clearly dissociates himself from them.

Those who don't sleep homes, he says, can find a place to sleep near the Muhane Yehuda market. Tourists are not the big givers; Orthodox Jews and yeshiva students are. The

best place to beg is the Western Wall, but he doesn't go there because the guards keep beggars away. The unasked question remains unanswered: What is he supposed to do to provide for his family, given his disability and the small sums he receives from welfare agencies.

OFFICIAL reaction to the city's beggars can be summed up by outgoing National Insurance Institute director Danny Azrieli: "There is absolutely no reason for anyone to be begging on the streets in Israel."

To support his contention he points to programmes such as *Havahai Hachnassa*, guaranteed income (in October a single received 155,160), free medical care, free appliances, discounts in many stores, in addition to free or highly-subsidized housing.

Also, volunteer-run public kitchens in the Me'a She'arim area provide free meals to the needy.

With housing and medical needs provided, plus an allowance for food and clothing why are people on the streets?

Answers Asher Harris, director of the Labour and Social Affairs Ministry's Rehabilitation Division: "Beggars have nothing to do with need."

Prof. Jaffe goes a step further: "Beggars are a profession," he says.

In 1972, when Jaffe was director of the Jerusalem Municipal Welfare Bureau, he issued a memorandum to his staff stating his department's primary objective: Get the beggars off the streets. He ordered his staff to meet with and counsel beggars individually in order to rehabilitate them. One after the other they came back to him with the same message: the beggars don't want to be rehabilitated. "I have my job," they were told repeatedly by beggars they worked with. "I have my hours, my clients, my corner."

According to Jaffe, beggars - contrary to popular belief - are providing a service for the funds they receive. "It is ingrained in Jewish culture to give *tsedaka*, and obviously you need someone to take it. There are takers and givers, each providing for the needs of the other. The donor is getting something for his contribution."

Jaffe sees two problems with this "business." First, "if it's a business, it should be licensed and regulated." But he is more concerned about the "institutionalization of begging."

"Beggars continue because there are people who continue to give. But people shouldn't think they're getting away with their responsibility to give *tsedaka* by giving a few shekels to the poor on the streets."

But the problem goes beyond the problems of the giver. It is clear that a high percentage of the beggars are not in complete control of their mental faculties.

"If a child is found begging on the streets, child protection laws give social workers the authority to get him placed in protective custody and a court order can be obtained to keep him off the streets," says Jaffe. "But for adults it is not clear who is responsible."

And there are people in the streets who are in genuine need of assistance. Azrieli of the NII admits that there are many beggars who are completely unaware of the benefits to which they are entitled. "We promote our programmes, but there are clearly many who don't know what they are eligible to receive."

Like the Western Wall, Jerusalem's beggars are timeless, and defy explanation. Perhaps in some mystical way the two are linked. According to Jewish legend, it will be in honour of the beggars of Jerusalem that the Temple will be rebuilt.

Four ways of loving



Nastassja Kinski and Keith Carradine in Konchalovsky's "Maria's Lovers".

CINEMA/Dan Fainaru

As long as Konchalovsky is content to keep his story within the bounds of a modest melodrama about the sexual hang-ups of a young man suffering from too much love, the whole thing is acceptable enough.

But the real trouble starts once you try looking for Konchalovsky's themes. To begin with, platonic love. Some may consider it the purest form of love, but Ivan is by no means satisfied with this kind of relationship; he is mortified by his unsuccessful attempts to satisfy his bride. There is not a hint that platonic love is what he yearns for.

As for the four specimens of manhood, they are there on the screen, but beyond their mere presence nothing much is made of them. And the war trauma, clearly indicated by the first sequence, has nothing to do with the plot itself.

PROBABLY the most intriguing aspect of this picture is the bizarre combination of an American background and a Russian visual approach. Some frames seem to be lifted directly from the Soviet film making lexicon (e.g., a couple embracing in a field of ripe corn; and some of the more daring sexual encounters have all the gaudiness of someone who has never had the chance to put things like this on the screen).

There is also a strange conflict between the original Platonov story, the peculiar twists of human nature probably provided by the French contributor to the script, Gerard Brach (better known for his work with Polansky); the naturalistic dialogue of Paul Zindel (the American dramatist who wrote *The Influence of Gamma Rays on Man-on-the-Moon Marigolds*) and Konchalovsky himself. Each pulls the story his own way and leaves his own imprint, which does not quite jell with the others.

No wonder the actors themselves seem rather confused by the demands made on them. Robert Mielum, as Ivan's father, comes out best, with a white, intended beard and a tired posture in which the dare-devil can still be glimpsed. He may well be playing himself, as a man approaching the end of the road. Keith Carradine, as the irresponsible Don Juan, looks at all the characters surrounding him with amazement, as if he had been dropped among them from another world. Nastassja Kinski and John Savage, as Maria and Ivan, try to do their best, but they can't help the fact that sometimes they are simply grotesque.

Finally, one word of praise for cameraman Juan Ruiz Anchia, whose work does not evoke even the slightest criticism.

THE TROUBLE Konchalovsky has improving on a Platonov story in America is, however, nothing compared to the troubles Gene Wilder has improving on a French spoof in Hollywood. The result, *The Woman in Red*, is such a lame, embarrassing comedy that at best it may elicit pity, never mirth.

Originally, this was entitled *Un Elephant en Trompe*. Enormous. It was light entertainment written by Jean-Loup Dabadie and director Yves Robert and directed by the latter in the best French tradition of bedroom farce.

For some reason, Wilder decided this was the ideal vehicle for him and he applied his own brand of hysterical frenzy, both as director and leading actor, to this flimsy plot, which disintegrates in his hands. Everything is done to excess; fineness is one quality this film never reaches for. Kelly La Bock may be ideal as a model for bathing suits, but not as an actress. As the mysterious lady in red she is about as intriguing as a checky co-ed. Wilder's partners in crime are so loud-mouthed and heavy-handed one wishes they would take a rest occasionally. In short, this is just like a two-hour episode of *Love American Style*. Can you stand it?

FINALLY, back to the Soviet cinema, but via Spain. Mario Camus is not Russian. I have no idea whether he is a member of the Communist Party and in truth, it doesn't matter very much. However, his latest film, *Los Santos Inocentes*, is almost identical to the highly moralistic socialist dramas about the villainous patrons and the noble proletarians, all very well performed but as far as I am concerned, leaving me strangely indifferent.

Not that there is anything definite I could raise against this picture. It is well shot, and there are some highly poetic moments, in particular those concerning the retarded Azarias and his birds. The acting is on a high level, with Francisco Rabal giving one of the best performances of his career as Azarias. The plot is obviously trying to explain the move of the proletarian class from rural to industrial surroundings which, bad as they are, still offer a better chance of survival than the exploitation of the landowners.

But all this has been said so many times before, and human nature is so much more complex and surprising than anything you will find here, that it is difficult to get excited about it all.

FILMS IN BRIEF

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE - British film directed by Michael Radford. Set in 1944, it shows what happens when Italian prisoners-of-war come to work in an isolated farming community in Scotland. A good film, untypical of British cinema with its sympathy for the cross-currents of Italian and Scottish attitudes.

ATALIA - A Hebrew-language film on a romance between a 40-year-old woman and a 19-year-old man, set against the background of kibbutz life. Starring Michal Bat-Adam.

MARIA'S LOVERS - Russian director Andrei Konchalovsky's first American-made film, which he describes as a parable between love and death. Nastassja Kinski plays the lead as Maria, a virgin wife unable to satisfy her war-veteran husband's needs. Outstanding camera-work.

PARIS-TEXAS - A sensitive portrayal of a man who drops out of normal life and has to piece his existence together again when he is accidentally returned to society. Excellent film by Wim Wenders.

POLICE ACADEMY - About a liberal lady mayor who opens the doors of the force to anyone who wishes to join. This film has a bit of many things - sex, violence, racist nuances, slapstick, satire and more, but they all add up to no great film.

RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE - Set in a remote French 16th-century village. Constructed as a thriller, the audience is invited to guess who the real Martin Guerre is, and questions of ethics, morality and truth are raised. This film is a rewarding experience.

REUBEN REUBEN - Tom Cruise plays a disaffected, alcoholic, lecherous, stumped Welsh poet who survives by lecturing about his own poetry at ladies' tea parties in American suburban intelligent entertainment.

ROMANCING THE STONE - A romantic, joyous adventure of a young New York writer who goes to the jungles of Columbia to save her kidnapped sister. Lots of adventure, action and danger, but at least the film doesn't take itself too seriously.

SILKWOOD - Meryl Streep acts the role of Karen Silkwood, a worker in a nuclear power plant. While on her way to meet a journalist to expose a story of negligence at the plant, she is mysteriously killed in a car accident. Excellent adaptation based on a true incident.

SPLASH - Walt Disney comedy about an idyllic romance between a young man and a mermaid. Innocent, enjoyable entertainment.

TOP SECRET - About the efforts to retain a famous scientist who has been captured by the East Germans. Amusing, light entertainment, certainly not more.

WOMAN IN RED - American adaptation of a French bedroom farce. Gene Wilder directs and plays the male lead, applying his own unique brand of hysterical frenzy to the flimsy plot. No great shakes.

ZIGZAG STORY - A zany, French situation comedy about 3 friends: a colour-blind artist, a photographer of nude models, and a radio announcer. Very enjoyable.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

WALKING TOURS

(Continued from page A)

Jerusalem
Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m. - Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.
Sunday at 2 p.m. - The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.
Monday at 2 p.m. - The Canaanite and Hittite periods in Jerusalem.
Monday, Wednesday, Thursday at 11 a.m. - Archeology in the Jewish Quarter: Jerusalem Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).
Monday at 2 p.m. - Sites of special Christian interest (2 hours).
Thursday at 2 p.m. - The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Muslim belief.
Friday at 9.30 a.m. - The Old City Walls (2 hours).
Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3.5 hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets on the spot.

Archaeological Tours
Daily at 11.30 a.m. - Friday at 9.30 a.m. - Jewish Quarter Burnt House, Cardo.
Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday at 8.45 a.m. - Monday at 2 p.m. - Excavations below Temple Mount.

Safed
Daily expeditions to old Jewish Quarter of Safed, synagogues, War of Independence landmarks, cemetery. Tel. 067-36448.

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem on the morning of the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

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JERUSALEM Cinemas CINEMA 15/16 Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067 Fri., Nov. 16 Double feature/ticket: High Anxiety 2.30 The Man Who Knew Too Much 4 Sat., Nov. 17: High Anxiety 2.30 The Man Who Knew Too Much 7.15 Educating Rita 9.30 Sun., Nov. 18: Bedknobs and Broomsticks 3.30 Silkwood 5.30 The Man Who Knew Too Much 7.15 The World According to Garp 9.30 Mon., Nov. 19: Educating Rita 7.45 Silkwood 9.15 Tue., Nov. 20: Bedknobs and Broomsticks 4 Double feature/ticket: Foolsy 6 Breakdance 7.30 Educating Rita 9.30 Wed., Nov. 21: Double feature/ticket: Breakdance 6 Foolsy 7.45 New York, New York 9.30 Thurs., Nov. 22: Bedknobs and Broomsticks 3.30 Double feature/ticket: Foolsy 6 Breakdance 7.45 New York, New York 9.30	SEMADAR ANOTHER TIME ANOTHER PLACE Sat. and Weekdays 7.9, 15 SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYANEL HA'UMIA TOP SECRET Sat. and Weekdays 7.9 Tickets (Sat) all week. TEL AVIV Cinemas ALLENBY 3rd week NINJA III Sat. 7.15, 9.30 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 BEN-YEHUDA 3rd week WOMAN IN RED Tonight 10.12 Sat. 7.15, 9.30 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 Sat. 11 a.m. Earthling BETH HATEUTSOH TEL AVIV UNIVERSITY JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE Sun. 8 RABBI ABRAHAM IN THE WILD WEST ILIT CHILN CINEMA CENTRE Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m. CHEN 1 6th week SPLASH Fri. 9.30 p.m., 12.30 p.m. Sat. 7.20, 9.45 Weekdays 4.40, 7.20, 9.45 CHEN 2 4th week REUBEN REUBEN Tonight 10, 12.15 Sat. 7.20, 9.40 Weekdays 4.45, 7.20, 9.40 CHEN 3 8th week ROMANCING THE STONE Fri. 9.50, 12.15 Sat. 7.20, 9.45 Weekdays 4.45, 7.15, 9.35 CHEN 4 17th week THE BIG CHILL Tonight 10, 12.15 Sat. 7.25, 9.40 Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 5.25, 9.40 CHEN 5 4th week POLICE ACADEMY Tonight 10, 12.15 Sat. 7.25, 9.40 Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 5.25, 9.40 CINEMA ONE D.C. CAB Fri. 10 p.m. Sat. 7.15, 9.30 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 CINEMA TWO RACING THE MOON Fri. 10 p.m. Sat. 7.9 Weekdays 4.30, 7.9, 9.30	DEKEL Israel Premiere WITHOUT A TRACE Sat. and Weekdays 7.15, 9.30 DRIVE-IN Sat. and Weekdays 5.30, 7.30 GREYSTOKE Tonight 10 Sat. and Weekdays 9.30 Fri. 12.15 p.m. Sat. and Weekdays 12 midnight Sex film ESTHER Tel. 225610 2nd week ANGEL Tonight 10 p.m. Sat. 7.15, 9.30 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 GAT 2nd week CARMEN Sat. 6.30, 9.30 Weekdays 3.30, 6.30, 9.30 GORDON 87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373 11th week THE HERD A new film by the director of 'Yol' Sat. 7.30, 9.30 Weekdays 4.40, 7.10, 9.30 HOD 6th week TOP SECRET Fri. 10 p.m. Sat. 7.15, 9.30 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 LEVI 8th week BEYOND THE WALLS Tonight 9.30, 11.30 Sat. 7.15, 9.30 Weekdays 1.45, 4.45, 7.15, 9.30 LEVII 3rd week DUTY FREE MARRIAGE Tonight 9.30, 11.30 Sat. 7.30, 9.30 Weekdays 1.45, 5.30, 7.30, 9.40 LIMOR GET CRAZY Tonight 10, 12 Sat. and Weekdays 7.9, 30 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 MAXIM 7th week L'AVARE de Moliere (The Miser by Moliere) Sat. 7.15, 9.30 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 MOGRABI 2nd week DEADLY FORCE Tonight 10 p.m. Sat. 7.15, 9.30 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 PARIS ATALIA Tonight 10, 12 midnight Sat. 7.30, 9.30 Weekdays 12.2, 4.30, 9.30 STUDIO KARATE KID Sat. 7.9, 30 Weekdays 4.30, 7.9, 30 SHAHAF 3rd week MARIA'S LOVERS Fri. 9.45 p.m., midnight Sat. 7.9, 30 Weekdays 4.30, 7.9, 30 Today and tomorrow 11 a.m. BREAKDANCE	PEER 2nd week HARRY AND SON * PAUL NEWMAN * JANE REDWOOD Tonight at 10 Sat. 7.15, 9.30 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 ORLY Israel Premiere Tonight 10 Sat. 7.15, 9.30 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 Kandles * MOLLY RINGWALD * PAUL DOOLEY * JUSTIN HENRY TAMUZ Cinema Ramat Aviv Tel. 412761 "The funniest, craziest science fiction movie ever made" New York Magazine Tonight 10, 12.15 Sat. and Weekdays 7.9, 30 Special offer continues: 3rd film free! Old tickets accepted. Lots of parking behind Cinema. TCHETEL 2nd week DUCK SOUP Marx Brothers Sat. 7.30, 9.30 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 TEL AVIV 2nd week BOLERO * BO DERREK Today 2.15, 10 p.m. Sat. 7.15, 9.30 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 TOM THUMB Fri. and Sat. 11 a.m. TEL AVIV MUSEUM 2nd week LOS SANTOS INOCENTES Sat. 7.30, 9.30 Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30 ZAFON 6th week PARIS-TEXAS Tonight 10 Sat. 6.45, 9.30 Weekdays 4.45, 9.30
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SF goes punk

Sheldon Teitelbaum

INSTEAD OF the "Jewish" movie he was dying to make, Slava Tsukerman, the first Soviet émigré ever to direct a film in the U.S., made one about flying saucers, "smack" and sex.

Liquid Sky was one of last year's big U.S. box-office surprises — the quintessential New York new wave flick which promises to depict *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* on the midnight cult-movie circuit. It is now showing in Israel.

The American critics fell over themselves in an orgy of approbation. *New York Magazine*, certainly a trend-setter, calls it "the funniest, craziest, most perverse beautiful SF film ever made."

Not bad for a Moscow Film Institute graduate who cut his cinematic teeth making movies for the Jewish Agency and Israel Television.

Tsukerman is a portly man who lives up to the cliché about the round — he smiles a lot and seems to mean it.

IT'S A GOOD DAY to talk about a movie in which an alien alights atop a New Wave model's apartment look-

ing for the vicarious thrill of other people's orgasms and heroin. Earlier, a New York cop was shot dead by a youth who had stolen a \$600-pair of designer eyeglass frames tipped with gold. Optometrists are vilified in the press. This morning, the cops catch a Bronx desperado who murdered a pregnant woman and 10 children in what's described as the worst massacre in the city's history. The heavy talk, meanwhile, centres on the rights, if any, of two frozen embryos which, after implantation in the womb of a surrogate mother and subsequent birthing, could stand to inherit \$7m.

It's a science-fiction world out there, a violent one at that, and legislators have determined that children under 13 shouldn't be allowed to see the summer's heavy box-office hitters — Spielberg's *Indiana Jones*, maybe even Joe Dante's *Grendel*. They assumed that anyone under the bur-mitzva age might find the sight of "gremlins" — grisly little creatures rather like Smurfs on a permanent caffeine high — a bit hard to take, especially when they're being exploded in microwave ovens or eaten by the cut.

"You recognize that?" beams Tsukerman, pointing at the flying saucer that featured so prominently in the film. "It makes a wonderful book-end." And a great place I imagine, to stash drugs.

Tsukerman leads the way past a living room as big as a bowling alley,



and a hyper-modern kitchenette, into his work-room — a studio, den and, during the production of *Liquid Sky* in 1982, a jerry-built special-effects factory operating on chewing gum and hope.

It's got several desks, each one outlined by clutter, some sofas and chairs in a corner, lots of bookshelves, and two colour posters of a watchful Big Brother culled from the 1956 British film based on Orwell's novel.

"You recognize that?" beams Tsukerman, pointing at the flying saucer that featured so prominently in the film. "It makes a wonderful book-end." And a great place I imagine, to stash drugs.

WHEN HE FIRST began directing movies 25 years ago, Slava Tsukerman probably wouldn't have been able to tell a spoon of smack from a bowl of borscht. Then he was interested in such mundane issues as the philosophy of science and the question of determinism versus free will. Influenced by Eisenstein and Dovzhenko, he directed a 20-minute movie he called *Night of Decision* about the travails of a conscience-stricken scientist. The Soviet deputy minister of film ran it through once and swore it would never see a projector again. Tsukerman and his wife emigrated to Israel in 1973.

Within three months of his arrival in Jerusalem, Tsukerman had landed a job with the Jewish Agency. In

fact, most newly-arrived film-makers are given their start by that august organization. His first film *Moscow Doesn't Answer*, ran 10 minutes and dealt with the plight of three Jewish physicists, Professor Alexander Voronel, Marc Aszbel and Evgeny Levitch. A collage of stills and snippets of phone conversations, some of them interrupted in a most dramatic fashion, the movie was praised wherever it was shown.

With the help of that and a smuggled copy of his Russian movie, Tsukerman applied for a job with Israel TV and got it.

"I was dying to make a 'Jewish' movie," he explains, "but my boss, a wonderful man, said, 'What do you know about being Jewish?'" Rather

aptly, Tsukerman was dispatched to the Russian Orthodox Church in Jerusalem, where he was to chronicle the tribulations of the city's White Russian community.

Russians in Jerusalem was shot in May 1974, and won Tsukerman two prizes at the 1975 Hollywood Festival of World TV Films.

A bid to shoot a feature film in Israel, however, failed. And so, armed with a script about a romance between an American girl and a Russian boy in Israel, Tsukerman set off for America in search of Jewish backing.

"I LEARNED that wealthy American Jews couldn't give a damn about making Israeli or 'Jewish' movies. The reason they give so much to Israel is so that no one should bother them with stuff like that."

Tsukerman explains that, indeed, most of the Russian film-makers of any significance fled Israel within a short time of arriving.

"The fact is that most of us get to Israel cram-full of sickness. Without the language, lacking any real sense of the realities of life outside the Soviet Union, we arrive disoriented and depressed, unable and unwilling to make even the simplest of decisions for ourselves. And we realize that all this talk about differences in mentality between Israelis and newly-arrived Russians is justified."

"Israel is different than most other countries," claims Tsukerman, "and

New York is closer to Moscow than to Tel Aviv. Russian Jews who went to New York never really changed much, but those who went to Israel had to change a great deal."

"Another problem is that a filmmaker who wants to work in Israel has to have racked up credits in the West. Otherwise, he is accused of not having been good enough, which is obviously why anyone would opt to make Israeli movies."

"Anyway, when I got to New York, I decided that the days of sickness were at an end. I would open myself up to what was going on around me and learn."

TOWARDS THE END of the '70's, Tsukerman and his wife, Nina Kero-va, together with Yuri Neyman, Marina Levikova and Bob Brady began to look for backing to do a science fiction movie.

"They kept telling us that an SF movie wasn't viable, but then *Star Wars* came along. The problem with that movie was that all anyone would agree to talk about was an imitation of *Star Wars*."

Tsukerman and Co., had something very different in mind. They wanted to incorporate some elements of the punk movement, at that time a relatively new phenomenon on the New York scene, with solid SF concepts.

Tsukerman began to familiarize himself with the New Wave fringe mainly through his friendship with

model and actress Anne Carlisle. With her WASP background and bizarre lifestyle, Carlisle was as much an "alien" for Tsukerman as he, an ex-Russian and Israeli, was for her. The two reportedly got on famously, and Carlisle went on to star in the movie (as both the female and the male lead) and to co-write the script.

The production team, led by Tsukerman and Carlisle, visited "all sorts of weird places," including the legendary Mudd Club and others in the West Broadway-Canal Street area. Special-effects director Neyman took more than 1,000 slides, most during pre-production, to recreate what he reportedly called "a visual aesthetic library" to give himself and the team a feel for the subject.

Liquid Sky was ultimately filmed on a budget of some \$430,000, and won first prize at the 1983 Montreal Film Festival, where it was premiered. One *People Magazine* reporter told me that it was the best movie he had ever seen in his life.

But Tsukerman has been pooh-poohing the widespread thesis that *Liquid Sky* shows New York through the eyes of an alien, originally Russian, émigré.

"Critics like to be clever. And I suppose the idea makes sense. But, as Neyman himself says, 'Real style is born when the movie is finished... You never know how it will all be put together.'"

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2. Visitors are advised to purchase tickets in advance at the Museum, or at ticket agencies: Jerusalem — Kie'im; Tel Aviv — Rocco, Hadran, Kestel and Le'an; Haifa — Gerber at Carmel Centre; Netanya — Signal; Beer-sheva — Marcar.
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EVENTS

FILMS
Saturday, November 17 at 20.30
HONORARY CONSUL (USA 1983)
Dir. John Mackenz, with Richard Gere
Tues., November 20 at 18.00 and 20.30 and Sat., November 24 at 20.30
THE RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE (France 1983)
Dir. Daniel Vigne, with Gerard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye
CHILDREN'S FILM
Sun., Nov. 18; Mon., Nov. 19; Wed., Nov. 21 and Thurs., Nov. 22 at 15.30
SWAN LAKE (Japan) animated film
LITERARY EVENING at the Ticho House
Wednesday, November 21 at 20.30
AS A BROKEN VESSEL, with Shulamit Lapid, Prof. Yaskov Meshorer and Amos Gur. Hosted by Misha Shagrir
LECTURE
Thursday, November 22 at 20.30
IMPRESSIONISM with Dr. Gila Ballas, Tel Aviv University.
Part of 'Armand Hammer Collection' lecture series

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH
Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 11.00; also Sun. at 15.00; Tues. at 16.30
Archaeology Galleries: Special Tour: Mon. at 16.00
Shrine of the Book — Special Tour: Tues. at 16.00
Judaica and Ethnography Galleries: Thurs. at 16.00
Rockefeller Museum — Special Tour: Fri. at 11.00
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For details on these activities please call (02) 633278/698235

VISITING HOURS:
Museum Galleries and Shrine of the Book: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 10.00-22.00 (Shrine 10.00-22.00); Fri. & Sat. 10.00-14.00.
Library: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 10.00-20.00
Graphia Study Room: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. Fri. 11.00-13.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00
Department of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun., Thurs. 8.30-13.00; Tues. 13.00-17.00
Rockefeller Museum: Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00-14.00
Ticho House Gallery: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-16.30; Tues. 10.00-22.30; Fri. 10.00-13.30
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Construction work may temporarily prevent access to some galleries

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This Week in Israel • The MUSEUMS TEL AVIV

Beth Hatefutsoth The Nahum Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

Visiting hours: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday 10 am-5 pm; Wednesday 10 am-4 pm; Friday and Saturday - closed.
Children under 6 years old are not admitted.
Organized tours must be prearranged (9 am-1 pm, Sun.-Thurs., 03-425163).
Photo Archives: Sun.-Thurs. 9.30 am-12.30 pm; Tues. 9.30 am-2.30 pm.
Permanent Exhibit and Chronosphere: the main aspects of Jewish life in the Diaspora presented through the most advanced graphic and audio-visual techniques.

EXHIBITIONS
1. "To Save a World"
American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee (AJDC) 1914-1984
2. "The Salons of the Calvario Menorah"

JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE
"Rabbi Abraham in the Wild West" Starring: Gene Wilder, Directors: Robert Aldrich. In English with Hebrew subtitles.
Sunday, November 18 at 8.30 pm.
Admission: \$5 (1000) for members of Friends Association; \$800.
Courtesy of **bank leumit** בנק לאומי

EVENTS
1. Celebrations of Hungarian Jewry - a study evening (in Hungarian). In cooperation with the Public Committee of the Heritage of Hungarian Jews and the newspaper "Jed Kulei". During the evening there will be a screening of the film "Presence", directed by Yanco. Wednesday, November 19 at 8.30 pm.
2. A meeting with the Jewish singer from Argentina Eltona Albert. Jewish-Spanish songs. The evening will be in Spanish. Tues. November 20 at 8.30 pm. Admission: \$5 (1000) for members of Friends Association; \$800.
3. The Challenge of the "Social Zionism" A study evening on the occasion of the publication of the book "Towards Social Zionism, Five Principles" (published by "Midresha for Social Zionism"). Participants: Prof. Israel Eldad, Zvi Kesse, Yigal Elam, Hanan Porat. Moderator: Yaron London. Wednesday, November 21 at 8.30 pm.
4. The Poetry of Benjamin Pandey A study evening to commemorate the 40th anniversary of his death in Auschwitz. Participants: A.S. Jaffe, Monique Jutrin, Prof. Michael Harsgor. Moderators: Yitzhak Arzi. Thursday, November 22 at 8.30 pm.

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of the Tel Aviv University (Gate 2). Klausner St., Ramat Aviv, Tel. (03) 425163. Buses: 13, 24, 27, 45, 49, 74, 79.

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MENDEL KOHANSKY is well known to the readers of this paper, having been its theatre critic for 20 years, almost to the day of his death in 1982. He also made important contributions to the reputation of Israeli theatre abroad, with his book on *The Hebrew Theatre* and numerous articles in foreign magazines, handbooks and encyclopedias, and his active participation in international conferences of theatre critics. He left the manuscripts of two books, one of which has now appeared, thanks to the devotion of his wife, Rolly Kohansky.

The Disreputable Profession: The Actor in Society (Greenwood Press, Westport; 194 pp.; \$30) is aptly named. It is the story of the triumphs and humiliations of professional actors during the course of western civilization, their struggles and their impact on society.

With the exception of ancient Greece and the last hundred years, society treated the people who gave it so much pleasure in a mean and degrading way, while at the same time exalting and pampering the most successful among them. Contentment and popularity went hand in hand.

Some of the derision directed towards professional actors derived from their way of life, which was always imagined to be (and frequently was) dissolute, immoral and unconventional. In addition, the profession itself, acting imaginary roles, was seen as mendacious and dishonest; actors exposing themselves to public scrutiny (and taking money for it) were considered close to prostitution, if not worse.

On the other hand, in ancient Greece and during other periods of history, they were regarded with awe; their constant reference to another and more significant world, their prominence, and the charm and magic of their trade brought them close to priesthood (and thus made the theatre a dangerous rival to the church); and the sexual attraction of the most famous of them sometimes cancelled out the sexual abuse directed at them.

GADGETS AND machines of different kinds have always exerted a fascination on artists. Traditionally the artist is himself a cunning inventor. In the Greek myth Daedalus invents a flying device to save his own life and that of his son. Leonardo invented fantastic war machines for imaginary battles. Modern artists with a technological bent are perhaps more parasitical. They leave the inventing to electronic wizards in California and Japan and are happy to apply themselves to exploiting the machines and gadgets in ways which they consider to be imaginative and creative.

A number of artists interested in the creative and playful use of video, television, radio, tape recorders, computers and even phones have been showing and discussing their work here, this week in an event called *Artcom Israel 84*. The central figure in the part of the event, which I saw at the Israel Museum, was a practitioner of "the aesthetics of communication," a Frenchman called Fred Forest.

Mr. Forest is mad about electronic gadgets and so are many of us and our children. But there's a difference. Mr. Forest, as he told us in a number of elegantly constructed but impenetrable sentences, believes that the varied media of communication we have at our beck and call can be more than merely useful tools or pleasurable toys. They can become the philosophical playthings of an artist who is clever enough to under-



Mendel Kohansky

From awe to abuse

Uri Rapp

Much of this has changed in recent generations, but some ambivalence towards the profession still remains. Is acting really work, or just idleness and frivolity? Can actors be relied upon and be taken seriously? Are their morals, even if not much different today from those of others, a danger to the easily seduced? Do actors have a special licence to conduct themselves differently in public? And what are the chances of making a living out of this unreliable kind of work? It is one of the small number of professions in which people are ready to work for nothing or next to nothing, while a lucky few sometimes quite suddenly come into big money.

KOHANSKY'S book deals with these questions, both in a short general introduction and in historical detail. Most books on this subject are either very short and superficial, or heavy going. This book is in the middle: serious thought and adequate documentation go hand in hand with a shortish text and a readable style. It is an instructive and amusing tour through fascinating venues, and should be of interest to laymen and to theatre people who don't have an overview of their trade owing to the

increasing specialization.

Another merit of this history is its comprehensiveness. It does not deal with countries and theatre outside the western sphere; but it deals equally well with Europe, Russia, and North America (Germany is somewhat neglected, apart from the 18th century). And the chapter on "The Great Stage Controversy," dealing with Rousseau's vitriolic attack on the acting profession and on the theatre in general, is a welcome addition of information not widely known.

The main shortcomings are its omissions. Though individual actresses are named when they are important enough, the subject of the actress as such is only mentioned in passing. But the important gap comes between chapters 10 and 11 (the last one). In chapter 10, "Knights, Courtesans, Matinee Idols," developments in the 19th century are described in some detail, right up to the end of the century. Chapter 11, "Salaries and Sex Symbols," jumps right into the present, and deals with monetary matters (in a very interesting way), and with one or two questions of sex and nudity on the stage and screen, again in the present. The whole 20th century in the history of the "actor in society" is missing.

He probably would have written it had he lived to see the book published.

AS A HOMAGE to Mendel Kohansky, on the occasion of the publication of the book, there was a gathering for people interested in the theatre and in cultural life at the home of the U.S. ambassador. A discussion on "Actors in Society" was organized by Judy Gottlieb and included Dr. David Sinder, Orna Porat, Oded Kotler, Prof. Avner Siv, Dr. David Alexander, and this writer. The event was marked by great good humour, an interesting and lively discussion, and an unexpectedly wholesome rapport between practical theatre people and theoreticians. It was a very appropriate tribute to the memory of a much missed colleague.

Media freaks

THEATRE
Zvi Jaggendorf

stand them and pucker enough to exploit them in a surprising, intellectually teasing way.

But any expectations we might have had of an astoundingly surrealistic subversion of the conventional functions of TVs, tape recorders, phones and the rest of the arsenal were disappointed. Mr. Forest's work as a media prankster (on the evidence of two video films of his Parisian activities) is clever in a basic way but neither witty nor subversive. He intends to make us both anxious and painfully aware of the ambiguities of our existence by subjecting us to a barrage of carefully orchestrated and timed images and sounds, some of which are alive and others pre-recorded. We are supposed then to feel less sure about the difference between then and now, here and there, image and presence and so on.

But the film of the Parisian performance seemed to be more of an ego trip for Mr. Forest than anything

else. First of all he had done a lot of organization, hooking up radio lines and preparing film. As a result of this there were a lot of screens with his face on them and his voice was everywhere. The effect was that of an electronic apotheosis of Fred the media artist. This kind of event is supposed to make us more aware, through teasing and confusion, of the hypnotic power of electronic images and sounds. Perhaps some modern Tarzan just out of the jungle would indeed react with amazement but for those of us on a full electronic diet anyway Mr. Forest's media happening looks extravagant.

Other less ideologically purposeful video tapes that I saw were more inventive though in a way that followers of TV pop programmes would recognize. In such a film there is typically no story. Its aesthetic is one of disjunction. Sound and image work against each other. There is an anti-linear, surrealist use of graphics and dimensions. The text is made up of fragments. Colour is aggressive and wild. The whole thing tends to be quite short. It is essentially a fragment made up of fragments and we are not expected to watch with total concentration.

I am told that in the most advanced New York disco they have large stocks of such tapes which they play to create mood. They are like a nervous Muzak, a disconnected visual stream of consciousness, a jumpy flickering background to our estrangement.

IT MAY WELL be true that there is no such thing as Israeli cuisine, but there certainly is something we can call Israeli atmosphere. I saw it this week at The Red House, in Motza, just outside Jerusalem.

The establishment - I hesitate to call it a restaurant - is located in a derelict brick factory. To reach it, drivers from Jerusalem must turn left (at considerable peril) into Lower Motza and then take another sharp left to follow a road which runs parallel to the highway.

The building, perched on the hillside, has been decorated with impeccable taste, rough beams alternating with pale brick.

As it happens, there was a show the evening we chose to visit; and though I am not a connoisseur of pop music, I certainly recognized the name of Ariel Silber. Unfortunately, this added attraction also had an added price, in the form of a \$3,000 entrance fee per person, which did not include any food or drink.

BE THAT as it may, we forked out

our money and chose a table in the large hall, making sure we were not too close to the massive loudspeakers, only to find ourselves feeling quite old in a sea of youthful faces. Most of those present appeared to be young wage-earners, who had no doubt enjoyed a filling and nourishing meal cooked by their mothers before going out for the evening.

Having had nothing of the sort ourselves, we sat down to peruse a limited, but not unreasonable, menu. In a wholly charming and unselfconscious way, our waitress sat down at the table with us to take the order.

Her cheerfulness continued when I asked what red wines were available. "Look," she said, "I can't pronounce them, but tell me what wine you want and I'll tell you if we have it." When I mentioned Cabernet Sauvignon her eyes lit up. That's the one," she said, and promptly brought a bottle, uncorked a very fine Ashkelon wine of that strain and

The real thing

MATTERS OF TASTE
Haim Shapiro

plunked it down on the table with no more ado.

I might say here that though The Red House seems made for beer drinkers, and there were a number of giant steins in evidence, the temperature, which was lower than comfortable, made us decide to drink wine.

THE WINE also went very nicely with our meal, which opened with the platter of the house, a large plate on which were arranged two Kurdish koubas, four Moroccan cigars, and a

selection of salads.

The cigars had the crisp, delicate covering and sharp but tasty filling that distinguishes the freshly-made product from that sold in supermarkets. The koubas had their own unique filling, which included raisins.

The salads, too, were excellent, including hummus, two types of eggplant salad, and a very smooth and subtle Turkish salad that my companion insisted must have been made with sweet, mild onions.

For a main course, I tried the pieces of fillet steak, which were tender, delicious and not overcooked, although I had not been asked how I wanted them done. The very fresh vegetable salad served alongside had not been dressed, but the chips were freshly made from fresh potatoes, and really crisp and good.

My companion tried the shishlik, which was good in parts. Some of the meat was very tender, other bits far less so. But one could have no complaints at all about the taste.

THERE WERE NO sweet courses other than ice cream, and though our waitress assured us that it was very good, I thought ice cream was very good for the pleasure and made do with coffee. The choice in this most Israeli of all places was between (you guessed it) nes or boiz either instant coffee or Turkish coffee made as if it were instant coffee. We chose the latter, it wasn't half bad.

The bill for our dinner came to \$14,740, quite a reasonable sum. But the entrance fee brought it up to \$17,480, which already puts it in the rather expensive class. My advice, unless you are an avid pop fan, is to try the place on a night when there is no show.

I also heartily recommend The Red House as a place to take tourists who want to see a bit of the real Israel, and not just imitation French or Italian restaurants at inflated prices. They might even like the entertainment, as we did, even though it was not something we might have chosen for ourselves.

This Week in Israel • The Leading Tourist Guide • This Week in

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EVENTS

Z.O.A. HOUSE DRAMA CIRCLE presents

"THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE"
an animated playreading (American comedy)
by John Van Drusen; Director: Stella Rubin
Monday, November 19, 1984 at 8.30 pm
Z.O.A. House, 1 Daniel Frish St., Tel. (03) 269243/4

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WHEN YOU SEE Les Ballets Jazz de Montreal, you know how appropriate the name is. In the Mann Auditorium (November 10) the company had the defined movement of classical training and the articulated syncopations essential to the best jazz.

In choreography, the quality was not so consistently remarkable. It was curious how often it looked romantic, or seemed to be just modern dance with a throw.

Most interesting was Buzz Millor's *Jazz 1962-Jazz 1983* (music Duke Ellington). Three men showed the attractive, telling ways of real jazz with a real beat. Then, after a brief blackout, the company moved into the violence of later times, the virility of the men expressed mostly in rough-handling the women - who kept coming up for more.

Was this a continuation of the Miller piece, or a swing into Ulysses Dove's *Bad Blood*? The music was detectably Laurie Anderson and the style was different. The programme was confusing on this.

Vicente Nebrada's *Tropiques* (music: Morton Gould) had lively passages, especially in the Tango, which was quite unlike the usual versions, and also in the Conga, where the men each had one heavily-filled sleeve and the backcloth was illuminated with palm-tree images.

Of two works by Canadians, Charles Mathieu Brunelle's *Sometimes Yellow* (music: Chick Corea)

Beat me, daddy...

DANCE / Dora Sowden

made a happy beginning, the dancers sharing their pleasure with one another and the audience; but the choreographic design was seldom more than pleasant.

Gemini by Iro Tombeck (music: Vincent D'Onofrio) aimed at sterner stuff and had indeed a primitive pulse, but remained more noteworthy for the dancing than the dance.

Nevertheless, there was much to enjoy in the beautifully honed stretches, the flicking feet, the unerring bounce and timing of the dancers, for which all must receive praise.

The company is as cosmopolitan as are most nowadays, including, besides Canadians, some Americans and one each from Japan, the Philippines, Holland and Zaire among the 11 dancers who came here. They go on for a six-week tour in France.

EVEN IF Robert North's *Death and the Maiden*, premiered by the Bat-Sheva Company, had not been so stirring, the Schubert music would have carried it to a high point of appeal. Yet North also achieved his own effect. Motion arose as if from the immortal sound. The dancers

seemed impelled by it.

Both at the Gerard Behar Centre in Jerusalem (November 1) and at the Habimah Theatre in Tel Aviv (November 5) the company gave outstandingly moving performances.

Schubert's string quartet takes its title from the theme of the song he set to the words of Matthias Claudius, who mused on the call of life and the immutability of its end. The composer captured magic in both song and quartet. The choreographer put his own magic into movement.

Slight as the "story" was - the efforts of a young life to escape untimely death - there was no mistaking the man in black (David Dvir) and the maiden in black (Shelley Sheer). This Death was no monster but a master, firm and inexorable. The Maiden's struggles were dramatically and emotionally vivid, especially in her wild leaps, her flailing legs, as he caught and held her.

The choreographic detail, whether for these two or the company, was eloquent: the heel steps, for instance, the flow of life around the doomed girl, the comfort a

mother-figure (Shula Botney) could not bring the final resignation. All was dance, in clear imagery and with kinetic emphasis.

IN JERUSALEM, Alice Dor-Cohen's *The First Day of the Rest of My Life* raised questions for me. There were moments when I felt more like a witness than a witness. This exuberant piece, aided and abetted by the noises assembled by Malcolm Singer, could be called erotic or carnal, according to one's tolerance.

Ever since *Lady Chatterley's Lover* came out of the closet (the book, not the character), sexual "experience" has become literal on page, stage, screen and canvas. In an age when four-letter words are daily parlance, release from the constraints of what used to be called taste is common.

Yet surely "anything goes" is a thesis still requiring to be made artistically convincing? Was the brash suggestiveness only in my (older) mind? In Tel Aviv, I gave the work the benefit of my doubt.

Yet questions remained: Why were the men in drag - such sloppy drag? Was it really necessary for two men to cling together, one back against the other's front? Were the frenzied contacts of men and women intended to shock or amuse?

When a male figure crept out from under the rear of a female skirt and a female figure from a male skirt, I recalled Poulenc's *Les Mamelles de*

Tiresias, in which a man bore the children. The whole Paris audience rose and roared its disapproval and the curtain had to come down.

That was in 1947, and I assume it doesn't happen now. Certainly the audiences showed no adverse reactions to *The First Day* etc. in either theatre. Yet those groans and those moves would have better suited a scene in bedlam. Was that the intention under the unwieldy title?

The repeat of Daniel Ezralow's *Dogfish* was a tonic. Here was "unisex" costume too, but charming and the merry-making was hale - first with the aid of "multimedia" and then in sheer, vigorous dance.

ALSO IN THE programme in Tel Aviv was Siki Kol's *Allegro Barbaro* (music: Bela Bartok), a consummately clever duet danced with touches of burlesque (never overdone) by Shelley Sheer and Haim Ohn. In three episodes, they showed varying aspects of their relationship - sexy, strident and smart: first the male dominance; then the female; and finally they were like sparring partners taking to chairs from time to time for a break from the "ring." Even towels (red) were on hand.

Sheer deserves an extra bouquet for the splendid contrast she offered in this teasing, sexual characterisation, as against the purity and loveliness of the Maiden. But then, the company as a whole also gave exceptional performances.

Setting the trap

THERE WAS plenty of excitement at the Second Epson International Bridge Tournament in Tokyo. East-West came up with sterling defence at two tables, on the following deal:

Deal 1:
Vul: None

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♥ 7 5 2
♦ K Q 5
♣ K Q 7 5
♠ K 9

West
♥ A Q 10 6 4
♦ 8 4 3
♣ 10 3 2
♠ Q

South (D)
♥ K 3
♦ A J 10 9 7 2
♣ J 7 5 4
♠ A 7 5 4

THE CONTRACT was four hearts at both tables, reached after South opened one heart and West overcalled it in spades. The singleton club was the opening lead each time.

South counted only three losers at most, two spades and a diamond. But this was not to be.

At one table the declarer won, in order, the club ace and two high trumps, delaying a third heart in order to keep control of trumps in both hands. At the third trick, he led a low diamond toward the singleton jack. East won with the ace while East discouraged with the deuce. (It would have proven a mistake to duck since declarer could subsequently pin West's ten and establish the suit.) The play would go: club king, diamond king ruffed, club ruff and diamond queen.

BRIDGE

George Levinrew

East decided that it would be preferable to work on spades rather than to first lead a club for his partner to ruff. He played the spade nine. South played the king and West the ace.

The problem now for the defence was to get East to win a trick so that he might lead a club. West hoped that his partner had the spade eight, so he made the unusual play of underleading the queen-jack-ten. East won and made the killer lead of a club, beating the contract. This was a beautiful way of catching declarer in a trap.

At the second table the play was not the same, but East-West also defeated the contract by proper timing. After winning the opening club lead with the ace, declarer pulled all three outstanding trump. Then, too late, he led a diamond which East ducked.

This was the trap. Declarer had now only one entry to dummy, the club king. He could not establish diamonds and had to lose two clubs, being set one trick. In each situation, East made the correct diamond play. If he had reversed his diamond play, the contract would have been made.

IN A PAIRS tournament, the contract at two tables was four spades with East-West passing throughout. Each time West led the diamond

Deal 2:
Vul: Both

North (D)
♥ 9 6 5
♦ K Q 5
♣ A Q 7
♠ K 9 4 2

West
♥ A Q 2
♦ 10 8 3 2
♣ 8 3
♠ J 8 6 5

South
♥ K J 10 8 7 4
♦ J 6
♣ K J 4
♠ A 7

eight and West counted as losers two spades and one heart.

One declarer did not consider West's opening lead as presenting a possible danger. The play went as follows: The first trick was won in dummy and the spade nine lost to the queen. Another diamond followed and South won.

A spade was played which West won. On this trick East signalled with the heart nine. He then won with the heart ace and West won with a diamond ruff. Declarer trapped himself by counting inadequately.

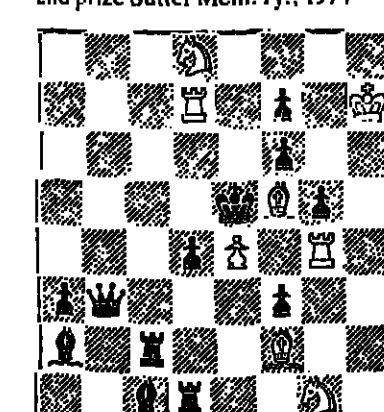
At the second table, declarer read the opening lead as either a singleton or the top of a doubleton. He saw the danger of a diamond ruff. His greatest danger was if East had the heart ace. So he played a high heart to knock out the ace. A diamond was returned, South winning. A spade forced West, and East could no longer win a trick to enable his partner to ruff a diamond.

with 7½ - 3½, ½ a point behind Saveriede. The two veterans thus secure the two American spots in the upcoming Women's Interzonal.

R. BYRNE L. ALBURY
1.e4 Nf6 2.e5 Nd5 3.d4 d6 4.c4 Nf6 5.f4 d5 6.f5 Nc6 7.Be3 Bf5 8.Nc3 c6 9.Nf3 Bg4 10.Be2 Bf3 11.g3 Qh4 12.Bf2 Qf4 13.e5 Nf7 14.Qc1 Qc1 15.Rc1 Qd4 16.Ne4 Nf6 17.Ng5 Rd7 18.Bb5 h6 19.Ne4 g6 20.0-0 Bg7 21.f4 h5 22.Rc4 Bh6 23.Be3 a6 24.Bd4 Rd4 25.b4 Na7 26.Bb3 Nc6 27.a4 Kf8 28.Kg2 Ne7 29.Kf3 Nd5 30.Bd2 b5 31.c6 Nf6 32.Rc2 Rd4 33.Nc5 Kf8 34.Ne3 Rh8 35.a5 Nb5 36.b6 c6 37.Ne6 f6 38.Be6 g5 39.Be1 g4 40.Kf3 Rd3 41.Kg2 B42.Kg3 Bg7 43.Kf4 Be5 44.Kh5 Kf7 45.Be4 R3d7 46.Bb5 Rg7 47.Bd2 Rh8 48.Bb6 Bf4 49.Rc6 Rg5 50.Kh4. White resigns.

ART OF ATTACK
White - Kg1, Qc3, Rcl, Re1, Ba2, Bg5, Nc3, Pd4, b2, c4, f2, g2, h3. (13)
Black - Kg8, Qd7, Rd8, Rf8, Bh7, Ne7, Nf8, Pd5, c6, d6, f7, g7, h7. (13)
1.e5! d1 (1..d5 2.Qc5!) 2.Red1 Nd6 (2..c7 3.Rd8 Qd8 4.Qe5) 3.Qe5 Ng6 4.Qg3. Black resigns. (K. Larsen - Daniellus, correspondence game, 1980/83.)

Problem No.3199
Dr. RAFFI RUPPIN, Israel
2nd prize Sutter Mem. Ty., 1974



White mates in three (8-12) SOLUTIONS. Problem No.3197 (Hirschenson). Setplay: 1.- Kd5. 2.f4, c4, Qe6; 3.- f5, d6, d5! 1.Ka3? cd5! Solution: 1.Qh5-2.f4; 1.- Kd5 2.c4. Reciprocal changes of threats and mates in a cyclic fashion.

THE 26th OLYMPIAD
The 26th Olympiad will take place in Thessaloniki, Greece, from November 18 to December 5. Israel will be represented by the following team: Board I - International Grandmaster Yehuda Gruenfeld; Board II - International Master Alon Grinfeld; Board III - International Master Lev Gutman; Board IV - International Master Natan Birnbaum; Board V - International Master Ya'acov Murey; Board VI - FIDE Master Eliahu Shvidler. Non-playing captain - Yael Stepan.

This is the 19th time that Israel is taking part in the Hamilton-Russell Cup for men's teams. The results of the previous 18 appearances were as follows: Warsaw 1935 - 15th place among 20 nations; Buenos-Aires 1939 - 9th/28; Helsinki 1952 - 11/25; Amsterdam 1954 - 7/26; Moscow 1956 - 12/34; Munich 1958 - 17/36;

CHESS

Eliahu Shahaf

Leipzig 1960 - 14/40; Varna 1962 - 15/37; Tel Aviv 1964 - 13-14/50; Havana 1966 - 18-19/52; Lugano 1968 - 18/53; Ziegen 1970 - 13/60; Skopje 1972 - 18/62; Nice 1974 - 17/73; Haifa 1976 - 6/48; Buenos Aires 1978 - 5/66; Malta 1980 - 8/82; Lucerne 1982 - 13/34.

Any placing among the first 10 can be considered a good achievement for our team. Israel will not participate in the women's event this year.

U.S. CHAMPIONSHIP 1984
VETERAN Grandmaster Lev Alburt stunned the chess world with an amazingly smooth victory in the 1984 U.S. Championship. Although the 39-year-old GM is an experienced campaigner with several notable successes to his name, his extremely poor form in recent years made him a definite outsider in the strongest U.S. Championship ever.

The full results were as follows: L. Alburt 12½ out of 17; N. de Firmian 11; J. Fedorowicz, Y. Seirawan, J. Tarjan, M. Dlugy 10½; L. Kavalek, L. Christiansen 9½; B. Kogan, R. Henley, R. Dzindzichashvili, J. Benjamin 9; R. Byrne 8½; J. Peters 6; S. Kudrin 3½; K. Shirazi ½.

Alburt and de Firmian will be two of the U.S. representatives in the Interzonal tournament. The third player will be determined in a play-off among three of the four players tied for third. Y. Seirawan has received a special dispensation from FIDE, qualifying him along with the tree zonal winners.

Five-time U.S. Champion Diane Saveriede became six-time by dominating the 1984 U.S. Women's Championship. Three-time Champion Rachel Croto finished second

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Haifa

The Reuben and Edith Hecht Museum at Haifa University is open daily except Fridays from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and on Tuesday afternoon from 4-6 p.m.
What's On in Haifa, dial 04-60840.

Other Centres

WIZO THE WEIZMANN HOUSE, REHOVOT. The Weizmann House is open Sunday-Thursday, 10 a.m.-3.30 p.m.; closed on Friday, Saturday and holidays. For group tours please book in advance by calling: 08-483230 or 480128.



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Jerusalem

MUSEUMS

Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Meet the Israeli Artist - Moti Mizrahi and Miri Nohai; Armand Hammer Collection, five centuries of masterpieces; Zvi Ben-Haim, sculptures and assemblages; Moshe Kupferman, paintings, works on paper; David Tarkenton, Publisher of Israel; Scary, Permanent Collection of Judaism, Art and Archaeology; Photography, for children (Paley Center near Rockefeller Museum).

Rockefeller Museum. The Oldest Site of the River - Ancient Egyptian funerary objects.

Ticho House. works by Anna Ticho, hanukkiot, library, garden etc.

Old Yishuv Center Museum. Life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid 19th century - World War II, to the 1948. Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun-Thurs, 9 a.m.-1 p.m.

Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Helich Shalom. Permanent Exhibition of Jewish People. Exhibition of works in Judaism by the gold and silversmithing Dept. of Hechal Avraham and Modern Parochet by Alexandra Zaid, Judith Green, Hanna Argand, Yael Berger and works by Yoram Kagan, Hava Botin, Kopel Givon, Hanna and Shalom Rosen and Rachel Schmitt.

Galleries

Yulius Greenwald Gallery. Jewish ceremonial objects in silver for commemorative art. Sun-Thurs, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Fri. till 1 p.m. Hutzot Hayotzer, opp. Jaffa Gate. Tel. 02-262077.
Paintings by Hava Gilon. Opening Exhibition: Sat. Nov. 17 at 8 p.m. Alon Gallery, 51 Haginich St. Hours: 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 5-9 p.m. Tue-Fri. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Tel. 665662.

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Other Centres

Haoreu. Wilfred Israel Museum, Gedalia Ben Zvi. Sculpture and Painting. 3.11.84 - 8.12.84. Visiting Hours: Sat. 10 a.m.-12.30 p.m.; 5-6.30 p.m. During the week after consultation by telephone, 04-992311.

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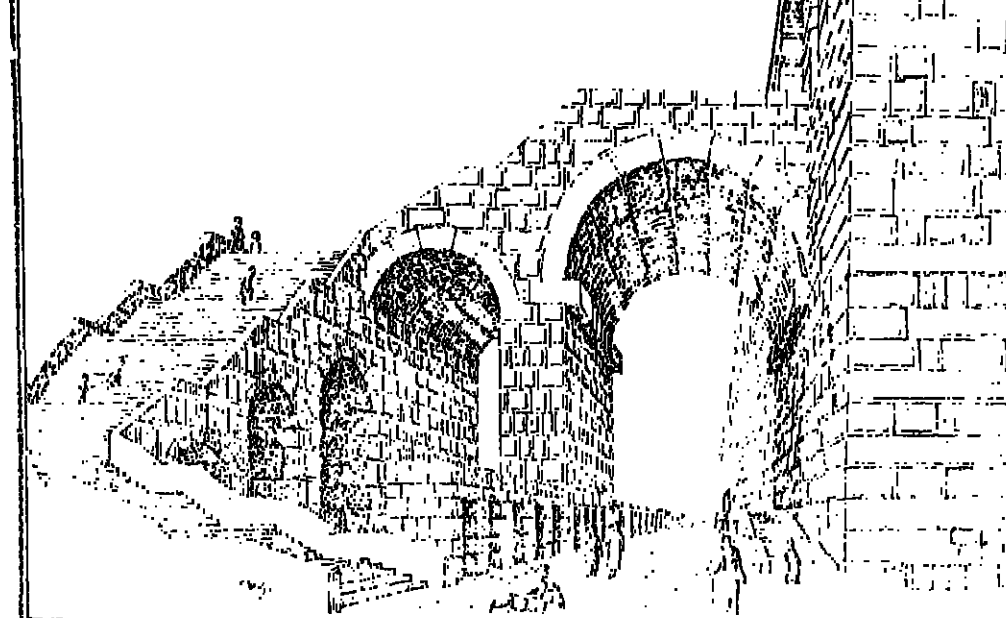


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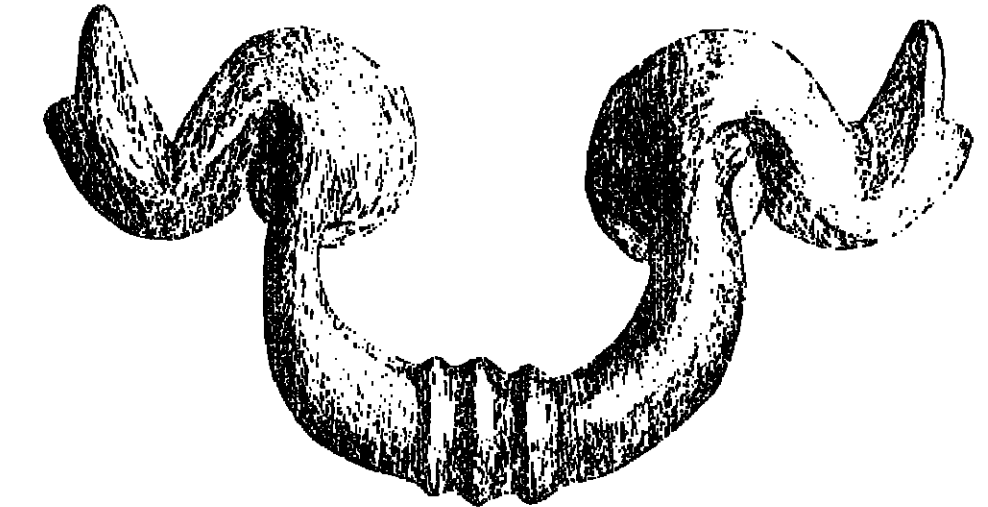
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Reconstruction for
archaeologist Meir Ben-Dav
book on Temple Mount dig
showing 12-metre wide
stairway leading up to south-
west corner of Temple Mount
from a major north-south
street lined by shops. At the
bottom of the page is a study
by Himmelman showing a
moderate stairway gradient
she believes more appropriate
than the steep grade shown in
earlier renderings.

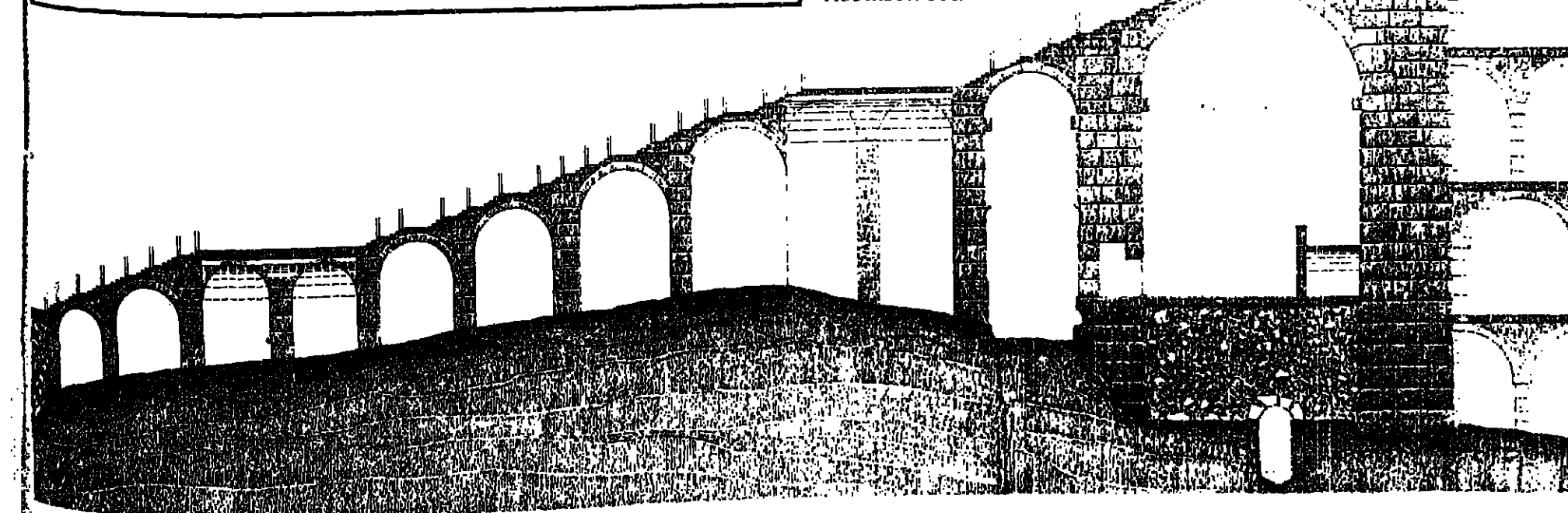
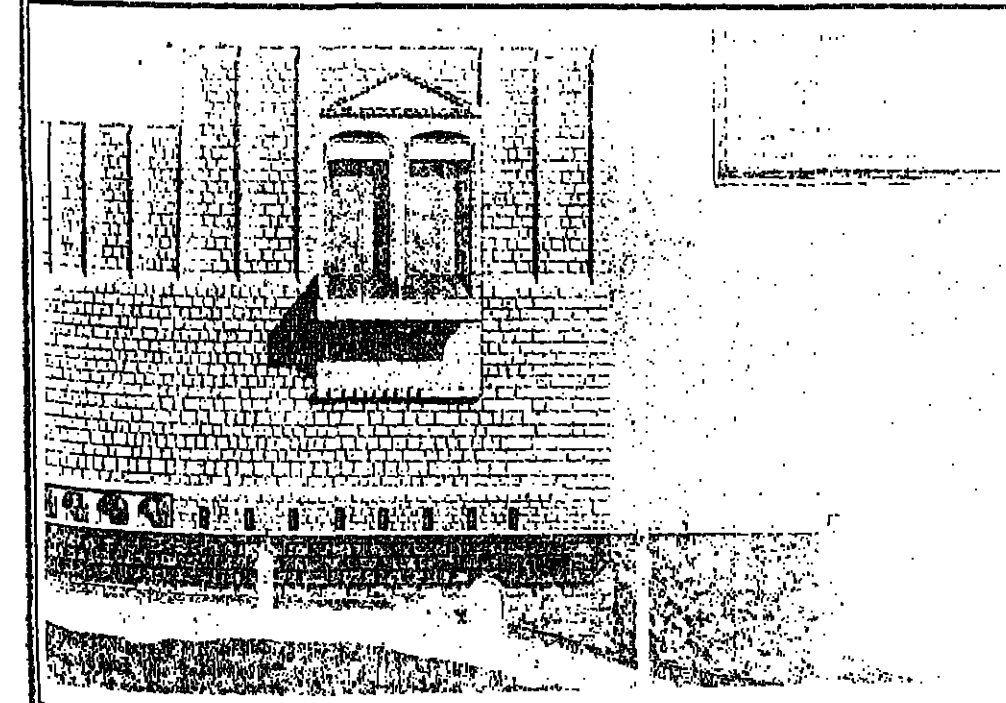


(Above) Reconstruction of Crusader fortress in Jordan, Krak des Chevaliers. (Below) Brass artifact identified as Herodian pot handle found in digs south of Temple Mount.



The drawing at left of the western
view of the south-west corner of the
Temple Mount shows, apart from
the gate to the Temple Mount from
the stairway, the ground level and
substructure of the wall, including
aqueducts and tombs.

For the purpose of the study below,
Himmelman drew the stairway as a
straight structure, to show her view
of its gradient. The actual shape of
the stairway is seen at top left. The
largest span, adjoining the wall, is
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ZIMBABWE'S prime minister has dismissed this book as a tissue of lies. Hardly surprising, perhaps, considering that in it he is accused by Nkomo of planning his murder: "Robert Mugabe had decided to have me out of the way, and he evidently did not care what method he used."

Convinced that he would be assassinated if he remained in Zimbabwe, Nkomo fled to Britain via Botswana early in 1983, and wrote this book. The event that precipitated his indegent departure was a search of his home by members of Mugabe's North Korean-trained Fifth Brigade, during which three of Nkomo's lieutenants were killed.

Nor was that the only crime committed by the Fifth Brigade. "Whole villages had been burnt to the ground [in Matabeleland, where Nkomo enjoys the almost total support of his fellow Ndebele tribesmen], cattle slaughtered, women raped. Soldiers who had fought gallantly under my command for our country's freedom were arrested and tortured. Some were tried, acquitted by the courts - and then re-detained without trial under the arbitrary laws inherited from the colonial period. My family and my friends were threatened, my passport was impounded, my speeches calling for unity and justice were methodically suppressed as the press and broadcast media were brought under total state control. But still the ruling party could not provoke me to disloyalty towards the nation I had struggled to liberate."

Predictably, Nkomo does not stress the lawlessness of disaffected members of his Zebra troops which might have provoked violent repression.

TO CALL Joshua Nkomo an opportunist, a dissimulator and a loser is not necessarily to deny the truth of the charges he brings, as the leader of the minority party Zanu, against Zanu-PF and majority Mashona leader Mugabe.

But from this distance it is next to impossible to decide which of his accusations are justified. Broad issues of racism, politics and oppression are raised in this book; but unless one knows the history of Zimbabwe one is unlikely to see through the gloss Nkomo places on events. One could go further and say that anyone without a professional interest in the region or some other attachment to it won't be greatly interested in this disingenuous, self-serving exercise in autobiography.

Nkomo presents himself as a well-meaning, reasonable, disinterested patriot who was cheated of what was rightfully his by devious and

Matabele faction



NKOMO The Story of My Life by Joshua Nkomo. London, Methuen. 270 pp. £9.95.

Alec Israel

treacherous colleagues (Mugabe was once his subordinate). Nkomo's publisher claims that he "is still fighting for human rights - against new repression." The situation in Matabeleland is undeniably delicate. But can one be sure what Nkomo is fighting for?

Two questions arise: How did this man come to be known as the "Father of Zimbabwean Nationalism"? And: How was he outmaneuvered by Mugabe and deprived of the first prize, the prime minister's job, in independent Zimbabwe?

Nkomo suggests that he had the leadership role thrust on him unexpectedly, at one stage by the whites (of all people) who invited him to a

pre-Federation of Rhodesia and Nysaland conference in England. It could have been chance, a random selection by the white establishment that both underrated and overrated him. Subsequent detention and constant, negative, police attention must have had an effect on the man and his career; yet it is difficult to assess the extent of it from the evidence presented here. There were hundreds of others who were similarly harassed but did not achieve his prominence.

After a ridiculous trial for importing a "subversive" pamphlet contrasting black and white people's housing, Nkomo was amazed by the amount of public support he enjoyed. He soon became identified with black opposition to Federation in Southern Rhodesia. Instead of the density of detail required at this point, all we get from the book is a bare outline.

Meetings with leaders of other African states in the late '50s, during

his first period of exile, when the winds of change were blowing and he presented his people's case against colonial rule, brought Nkomo to the world's attention; but his supporters at home could hardly have read about this in the white-controlled papers. Yet, on his return to Salisbury in 1960, there was a "vast throng at the airport" to let him know they were behind him.

As for the second question, it has been suggested by one British reviewer (in the TLS) that Nkomo has no ideology. He was capable of meeting Castro, Mao, etc., and not showing any sign of having grasped what socialist ideology is all about. However, one could counter this by asking how many of Rhodesia's politicians, black or white, really understood Marxist-Leninist thought a decade or two ago.

Surely more important than his intellectual failure is the fact that Nkomo represents a minority group - and the independence elections organized by Britain were in fact democratic (the first and hopefully not the last in that country).

Nkomo was so surprised by the election results that he was sure they had been rigged. This shows how out of touch he was with the people. (Two years previously, in 1977, Ian Smith thought he could sue for peace with Nkomo alone - but Smith never cared or claimed to know much about majority opinion.)

OF COURSE these are far from satisfactory answers to questions that involve issues of politics and psychology that transcend the parochial details of the story as told by Nkomo. To expect the answers to come from him is to expect too much, no doubt, of a man who justifies the shooting down of civilian aircraft "because they were used to carry military supplies." After Air Rhodesia Viscounts were shot down during the civil war, Nkomo's men went about killing the few survivors they found in a dazed state near the wreckage.

It is perhaps unfair to judge a politician by strictly moral criteria, yet it is practically impossible to come up with a more revealing test.

This is a sad story, a story without a happy ending. True, it isn't over yet, but it's unlikely that Nkomo will ever emerge a victor. He may or may not enjoy the support of South Africa and its destabilizing forces. The depths of South Africa's malice and its determination to impose its will at all costs are fairly obvious. (Israelis have their South African connection to add to their malaise over war-mongering in Lebanon, occupation in the West Bank, arms sales to Iran and to Central and South American

regimes in turmoil, and so forth. Nkomo reminds us that the white Rhodesians replaced some of their losses "by importing second-hand Hawker Hunters from Israel, with South African help.")

Incidentally, it is ironic that South Africa of all nations should be encouraging a version of the Marxist "permanent revolution" - for so-called anti-communist reasons in neighbouring independent black states that are hostile to it. Nkomo denies Mugabe's accusation that he is in cahoots with South Africa. It is difficult to believe Nkomo.

Mugabe emerges from between the lines of Nkomo's story as much the shrewder operator. It is widely known that Mugabe juggles Socialism and Catholicism, which some people consider contradictory philosophies. He (rightly) excoriates apartheid-run South Africa, but continues to trade with that country and simultaneously advocates sanctions against it. Such behaviour elevates duplicity to the level of sleight of hand, a phenomenon no less mind-boggling for being pervasive. There is greater moral inconsistency in the way Mugabe condemns evils in South Africa while at the same time explaining away massacres and intimidation and tribal hatred in Matabeleland. (Nkomo fails to make these points.)

Another hideous irony is that if Mugabe introduces one-party rule, as he seems determined to, he will be denying the significant Ndebele minority legitimate political expression and inevitably pushing them towards further violence, much in the same way as Smith pushed the Africans to war.

Mugabe cannot pretend ignorance of what his troops are doing - the country's intelligence services are too efficient for that. In the same way, one cannot accept Nkomo's protestation that he wasn't guilty of his troops' excesses in murdering the survivors of the shot-down Air Rhodesia planes. Come to think of it, which "leader" worthy of the name would seek to exculpate himself in this way, passing the buck down the line?

It may be more "necessary" in some parts of the world than others to murder in order to acquire and hold on to political power. This makes the successful political leaders, as well as the unsuccessful ones, accomplices to murder if not actual murderers. It takes a slightly insane kind of naive, callous cheek to pretend otherwise, to say "it was that kind of war," and to speak of "gallant fighters for freedom" as if the murder of innocents were not involved or not of the greatest importance.

fritted away in the North (Scandinavia and Finland), and 50 in the South (Italy and the Balkans).

He was above the law; so his minions were, also. Result: his domestic administration was riddled with corruption, from the top "down to the Gauleiters and petty local racketeers of every town in Germany." At all levels (Lewin is quoting Alan Bullock) "there were conflicts of authority, a fight for power and loot, and the familiar accompaniment of gangster rule, 'protection,' 'graft' and 'take-off.'"

He turned his fatherland into the world's villain *par excellence*. To this day, nearly half a century after the Nazi episode, Germans continue to be featured in film and novel as the prototype of the bestial and sadistic.

He ended up by ordering, in a bout of frenzy, the destruction of everything in Germany - its industries, its food supplies, its transport (trains, trucks and cargo-vessels). Hitler hadn't failed Germany: Germany had failed Hitler, and had to pay the price. A lunatic if ever there was one!

Any future historian, summing up Hitler's record, will have to record the following: Hitler took over Ger-

many as a prosperous, highly industrialized country which had recovered from the ravages of World War I. Within twelve years he had subjected it to the most terrible beating in its history. He left it irrevocably split, with Communist rule established, thanks to his own senseless antics, in the heartland of Europe.

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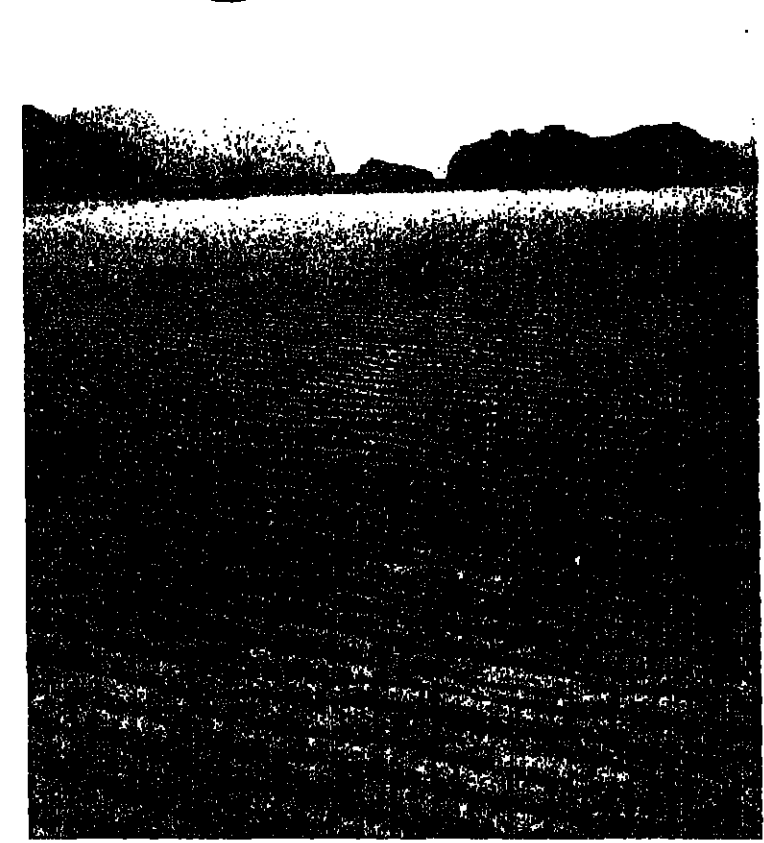
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THOSE WHO have fond memories of when the Sinai was ours, who appreciate a glorious landscape, and admire the finest colour photography but cannot afford the originals, will want to own this splendid portfolio of 12 landscapes by one of Israel's outstanding photographers.

The album contains photolithographed reproductions of the artist's original portfolio of Cibachrome prints. They are almost as fine as reproductions can be. The colour separation was done by Reprocolor, Tel Aviv, with laser scanning equipment, which has the potential for picking up even the smallest details, and which result in near-perfect fidelity to the originals. Only one print in this edition, the view from the summit of Jebel Musa (Mt. Sinai), appears to be washed out; the others capture all the nuances of sand, rock, water, clouds, sky, and mountains with amazing clarity.

Neil Folberg, born in San Francisco in 1950, received his BA in photography and design with honours from the University of California at Berkeley in 1972. There he studied with William Garnett, who specializes in aerial photography. While he was still a student, Folberg travelled to the Macedonian state in Yugoslavia for eight months, sponsored by the University of California's Center for Slavic and East European Studies; his work there resulted in an excellent series of images which were purchased by the U.S. Information Agency for a travelling exhibition intended for American Cultural Centers in Eastern European countries (which, ironically, was banned in Macedonia because the peasant-like appearance of the

The grand vistas



SINAI by Neil Folberg. Jerusalem, Adam Publishers. \$50. (Special limited edition with one original print: \$200) Available at Steimatzky's, R. Paul Fine Arts, and the publisher.

Leila Avrin

people did not project the government's desired public image). Folberg's next major series was a study of Chabad communities and individuals, particularly in Montreal and Brooklyn. They were reprinted by offset in his first published black and white portfolio, *We Are Thy People*.

"I'M OFTEN asked what it's like to be married to a genius. The question used to please me - as an affirmation of my place, of my counting for something (if only through marriage) in the only world that counted for anything. But even back then, at the beginning of my marriage (three years by the external calendar, more than half my life by the internal one), I was uncertain how to answer."

In this first novel, the protagonist, Renee Feuer Himmel, finds an answer ("hellishly lonely") to the question posed above. Married to Noam Himmel, a mathematician of galactic brilliance and seemingly infinite emotional ineptitude, Renee at first basks vicariously in her revered husband's limelight at Princeton University's Institute for Advanced Study. This somewhat parasitic glow is soon eclipsed by the arid inclemencies of Renee's and Noam's personal non-relationship. Although she graduated *summa cum laude* from Barnard College, Renee

Burned out genius

THE MIND-BODY PROBLEM by Rebecca Goldstein. New York, Random House. 275 pp. \$13.95.

Richard Penniman

is extremely insecure concerning her own intelligence; and her belief in Noam's omniscience renders his every pronouncement a proclamation from Zeus to a mere female mortal.

"You don't understand these things, Renee. Steve was interested in the objective value of his ideas. He's not going to be bothered by the trivialities that concern you so much."

"Trivialities like human feelings?" "Yes. Trivialities like human feelings." Noam looked at me for

several seconds, considering me. "You know, Renee," he finally said, "you are an essentially trivial woman. You have a lovely face and body, but in essence you are very trivial."

I felt as if I had faked my final exam, my very final exam."

THE INEVITABLE answer to Renee's sad equation is adultery. Renee moves from one assimilated Jewish intellectual to the next, finding sexual fulfillment but no peace of mind. In the end her husband confesses that he has lost his genius, that he has nothing more to contribute, that he is "burned out." Renee sees Noam as a human being for the first time. "He's on the mortal sphere now, the sphere of suffering. Beneath the indolent carapace - in his

(Berkeley, 1975, now out-of-print). The fact that Folberg lived among the people he photographed elevates these images above the ordinary Hassid pictures.

He and his wife Anna came on *aliya* in 1976. In 1979, he began making photographic forays into the Sinai; each year, from November to March, when the air was at its clearest, he spent one or two weeks of every month in the desert. Since the time of the final stage of the Sinai withdrawal in April, 1981, he still makes two or three trips a year. The latest was in December, 1983. This *Sinai* album exhibits the best of his photographs through the winter of 1982-3. Folberg also studied privately, over a period of several years, with Ansel Adams, with whom he shares an affinity for the grand vistas of nature. This makes the *Sinai* a perfect subject for the young photographer, who in no way is a slavish follower of his teachers. His style is unmistakably his own.

Most photographers print as many original photographs from one negative as they please; Neil Folberg limits his editions to 75. A special edition of this portfolio, limited to 100, contains one original breathtaking Cibachrome print of the Monastery of St. Catherine at the foot of Mt. Sinai, which glows with an inner light. It is a three-dimensional as a photograph can be, and the gemlike radiance of the mountains envelops the viewer. Here one sees the difference between the laser colour-separated reproductions on ordinary (but quite good) paper and an original print. A reproduction can never offset in his first published black and white portfolio, *We Are Thy People*.

New role

HATSYONUT BEIDAN HAKFAH HAGLOBALI (Zionism In the Global Village) by Yitzhak Shomron. Tel Aviv, Dvir Katzman. 141 pp. No price stated.

Dvora Ben Shaul

AT A TIME when despair seems to be the order of the day, and in a society which has become so divided that the only common ground Israelis have is their ability to commiserate with each other, it is refreshing to find someone who thinks the situation is less than hopeless.

Yitzhak Shomron, journalist, lecturer and writer, approaches the problem of Israel's role in the world with enthusiasm and a degree of optimism that one seldom encounters anymore.

Taking the thesis of Canadian theoretician Marshall McLuhan that modern communication has created a global village, Shomron sees Israel as the village centre, at least as far as the Jewish establishment is concerned. He argues that all the Jewish international organizations should move to Israel and manage their affairs on a global scale from here.

Shomron also outlines a plan for worldwide Bar-Mitzva insurance for boys and girls. Every Jewish baby would be insured, premiums being small and shared between the parents and the Jewish organization sponsoring the programme. After 12 years the policy would guarantee the child a bar- or bat-mitzva in Jerusalem.

One idea, which leaves stark old-line Zionists agast, is Shomron's plea for partial *aliya*. Shomron would encourage Jews to live in Israel and abroad simultaneously, either half a year here, half there or a few years in each place. Shomron argues that the increase in tourism, in purchases and in communication would easily offset any tax losses.

The book makes a good case for a complete change in the way we see ourselves and the Jewish world, and has won some staunch supporters for its ideas, among them Hebrew University Professor David Flusser and a number of other Israeli thinkers. □

CORRECTION

WAIVING THE RULES, a review of "The Sinking of the Belgrano" by Desmond Rice and Arthur Gavshon, and "The Battle for the Falklands," by Max Hastings and Simon Jenkins, which appeared on October 28, 1984, was written by Meir Ronnen and not as published.

HITLER WAS an evil man - but was he a genius? Starting as a house-painter, at his peak he ruled an empire stretching from the Atlantic to the Caucasus.

He fell because he was confronted by two superpowers, the U.S. and the Soviet Union, each of them almost three the size (in population) of Germany. Here is the raw material for a dangerous and heroic German saga.

Lewin's book debunks the legend. It shows Hitler as what he really was: an ass. Many people, influenced by the fearful memory of mass-power displays, fervent Teutonism and serious swastikas (the Nazis were superb stage-managers), find it hard still to see the Führer in proper perspective.

What actually happened under his rule? His greatest success was the ignominious *débâcle* of the French army in 1940. Hitler had little to do

Debunking a legend

HITLER'S MISTAKE by Ronald Lewin. Leo Cooper in association with Secker and Warburg. 186 pp. £9.95.

David Krivine

with it. The Wehrmacht was efficient, and that proved enough. Its professionals knew about mobile warfare; the Gallic professionals knew about wine, women and song.

The Russian army collapsed in the East because Russian armies always start by collapsing, as Napoleon had good cause to know. The strength of Russia lay in its vast size and - what was not realized at the time - its vast resources. (According to Lewin the

Soviets manufactured more warplanes *per annum* than the Germans.)

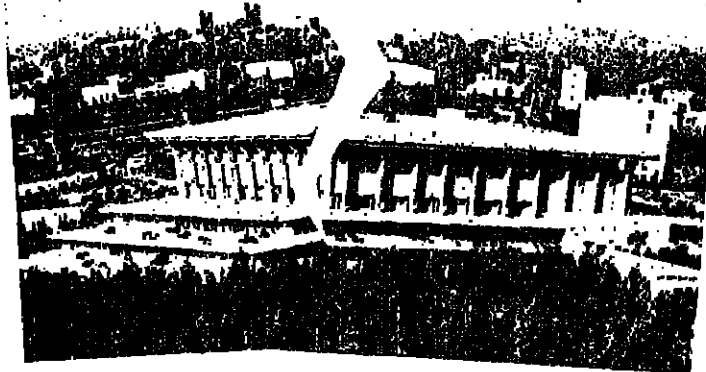
Hitler should have concentrated on the capture of Moscow. His generals wanted to do that but the Führer knew better. He sent his forces from the Baltic to the Caspian Sea, and played into the hands of the enemy.

In 1942, when Von Paulus was besieged in Stalingrad, the tide had turned. Hitler didn't see it. His "stand-fast syndrome" (Lewin's phrase) destroyed the German army. On D-day, when the Anglo-American forces landed in Normandy, and Hitler found himself fighting on two fronts - the traditional German nightmare - he had 25 divisions

RONALD LEWIN was an expert on World War Two, but this posthumous book is not a work of scholarship. Rather, it is an opinion-piece. He is pushing an idea, and sometimes he pushes it too hard.

Any future historian, summing up Hitler's record, will have to record the following: Hitler took over Ger-

Israel's fault



As if we don't have enough concerns in Israel, now we've got Mother Nature pulling the carpet out from under us. Recent reports of slight earth tremors in the Jordan Rift served to remind us that, as with our other problems, the factors involved lie more than surface-deep.

That puts us on rather shaky ground but, according to the Israel Seismological Institute, there is little to worry about — Israel is considered only moderately prone to mini-quakes. Perhaps after we have solved inflation, we can get to work patching up the Earth's crust. At least there we know where the fault lies.

Your friends and relatives abroad want to know all the earth-shaking news from Israel, but they also want to know the news and developments on a smaller scale. For the most on life in Israel, they should be reading THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION every week. Order a gift subscription today.

Ordnung muss sein

A YOUNG American soldier once met in West Germany admitted to me that, before he was stationed there, he always thought World War II had been fought between the U.S. and the Russians. So I suppose we should be grateful that the current flood of popular fiction set in the Nazi period at least may help keep straight in the public mind just who the good and the bad guys were in that remote age.

Of course, the perpetrators of Holocaust thrillers create their own good and bad guys. Jews are often shown as morally ambivalent characters who survive only by making deals with the devil. Post-Holocaust Nazi-hunters are commonly depicted as crazed by their thirst for vengeance. The Nazis themselves are often more ingenious and suave than mad and murderous. And if the number of conscience-stricken "good Germans" in recent fiction in any way corresponds to reality, we may well wonder where Hitler found his followers.

It can be argued that the Holocaust thriller is the final exploitation of the victims; after their ashes have been spread in the camp commander's flowerbeds, the popular novelists, given a suitable grace period, recycle their stories as lurid background to standard cloak-and-dagger stuff.

THIS MAY seem a crass view, but it is hard to imagine a more cynical venture than Clifford Irving's *The Angel of Zin*. I imagine the editorial conference that led to its creation going something like this:

"Okay, Cliff, you got caught out with your phoney autobiography of Howard Hughes and you did your turn in jail. Then you got your union card back by writing some straight fiction. But understandably you still want to go for the megabucks. So that means either something in the

THE ANGEL OF ZIN by Clifford Irving. London, Hodder and Stoughton. 304 pp. £8.95.

S.T. Meravi



Ludlum-Follet vein... or the Ross MacDonald sort of thing. So what would you say to... yeah, a detective story set in a concentration camp?"

"Like it, like it! You're a brilliant publisher! I see it now. One by one, prisoners mysteriously get murdered in some camp in Poland, like Auschwitz. Commandant calls in a Berlin homicide detective."

"They call him all the way from Berlin to Poland?"

"Because he's the best in the business, you see."

"Okay. But wait, Cliff, who would care about prisoners being murdered in a death camp?"

"Unauthorized murders. Upsetting the orderly flow of things. Now the Berlin copper, he's the hero, see, so we have to make him sympathetic. Give him an acceptable name, one that's not exclusively German — Paul! Wife killed in a British bombing raid. Two little kids. Member of the SS, but not anti-Semitic. Lost an arm on the Russian front."

"Busy little Kraut, but good, good. Go on."

"Gets to the camp — we'll call it Zin. Appalled by what goes on there. Knew but didn't really know, that sort of thing. Winds up — helping

the prisoners in their pathetic plan to revolt!"

"I like the revolt, Cliff, that's real inspiring. But the beautiful girl prisoner sleeps with the camp commandant?"

"Naturally. Got to be close enough to him to stab him with the scissors at the end. Even more heart-rending, her husband's also a prisoner in the camp and knows what the wife is doing. Paul eventually kills the most sadistic of the camp officers and — how about this? — our SS man saves the life of the old rabbi!"

"Before he gets killed himself?"

"Sure. Have to give the story its tragic dimensions. And before our hero dies he even writes a letter to his kids, telling the future generation they must know all the horrors. But of course someone else will toss the letter into the fire."

"Like that. And on the horrors, Cliff, you'll give us lots of gruesome detail about the camp, but not too, ah, titillating, right? Just enough to be really real. To really put the reader there."

"No problem. I'll deliver in 30 days."

"No need to rush. You might wind up writing things like, 'In that sense she felt doomed to die,' or 'Where it would lead he had no idea. But perhaps to an unforeseen answer.' Us publishers is sensitive to bad writing, Cliff. Us got our standards, you know. So don't be sloppy. Take six weeks."

"A month is plenty. I've got a sci-fi thing to do for somebody else, and my agent is angling to get me the next Spielberg screenplay, *Indiana Jones and the Temple Mount Crises*."

"Busy little writer."

BUSY INDEED, and the fact that Mr. Irving and other Holocaust-thriller writers may assume all the right moral postures is no defence for this sort of thing. That is the least that should be demanded. But apparently it's too much to expect some novelists not to capitalize on concentration camps.

Barbershop Boswell

I WOULD like to predict great things for this unequivocally American writer, but I can't, for Ring Lardner's ability was recognized over sixty years ago. An English publisher has re-issued "The Best" of Lardner's colloquially grand short stories in hopes that a new generation of readers will discover his incisive (and often cruel) wit.

Ringgold Lardner began his career as a sports reporter in Chicago. He wrote a baseball column for five years and then abandoned sports journalism for the more uncertain waters of freelance, creative writing. The many readers of his old column followed Lardner across the waters, and he was able to establish himself immediately as an immensely popular short story writer. "In his heyday, Lardner was among the highest-paid writers in America. In 1927 *Cosmopolitan* (not to be confused with the present-day bearer of that name) was paying him \$4,500 for a single story (a sum equivalent to \$25,000 in today's currency)."

Lardner moved to Great Neck, New York, where he befriended F. Scott Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald introduced Lardner's work to his own publisher, and tried to convince Lardner to take his own talent more seriously, and write novels. Fitzgerald failed. "Something of Scott Fitzgerald's exasperation at Lard-

THE BEST OF RING LARDNER London, J.M. Dent. 213 pp. £2.95.

Richard Penniman

ner's unwillingness to take his vocation with a high random seriousness came out in his obituary on Lardner's death in 1933 (a premature one, brought on by TB and excessive drinking). "Whatever Ring's achievement was it fell short of the achievement he was capable of, and this because of a cynical attitude towards his work."

IF RING LARDNER avoided the literary heights that he was assumed to be capable of, he certainly mastered the sociological depths that almost all his characters inhabited. Lardner was at his best when employing the scathingly imprecise vernacular of Tin Pan Alley song hustlers, semi-illiterate baseball players and pugilists, barbers and dime-store clerks. Here's an exchange between three baseball players in Lardner's "Women."

"I mean what I say!" retorted Jake. "I ain't goin' to spend my life on no bench, I come here to play baseball!"

"Oh, you did!" said Healy. "And what do you think I come here for, to fish?"

"I ain't talkin' about you," said Young Jake. "I'm talkin' about myself."

"That's a novelty in a ball player," remarked Lefty.

"And what I'm sayin'," Jake went on, "is that I'm sick of settin' on this bench."

"This ain't a bad bench," said Healy. "They's a hell of a lot worse places you might sit."

"And a hell of a lot better places!" said Jake. "I can think of one right now. I'm lookin' right at it."

"Where at?"

"Right up in the old stand; the third — no, the fourth row, next to the aisle, the first aisle beyond where the screen leaves off."

"I noticed her myself," put in Lefty. "Damn cute! Too damned cute for a bushier like you to get smoked up over."

"Oh, I don't know!" said Young Jake. "I didn't get along so bad with them dames down South."

"Down South ain't here!" replied Lefty. "Those dames in some of those swamps, they lose their head when they see a man with shoes on."

Ring Lardner liked to make his readers laugh, but his bone-deep cynicism concerning the honesty and intelligence of his fellow man far outweighed his sense of humour. Most of the stories in this collection deal directly with the thin (and to Lardner, transparent) veneer of civilization that protected Americans from each other in the early part of this century. Lardner ripped it off. □

Gershuni: flowers of death

Meir Ronnen

MOSHE GERSHUNI (b. Tel Aviv, 1936) a Sandberg Prize laureate ('82), a sometime conceptualist and later "engaged" painter and maker of environments with strong political overtones, this summer turned to making etchings for the first time. The results are now on view at the Printshop's gallery, complete with handprinted catalogue and notes (by Itamar Levy) to the turbidly expressive works, the dark masses of ink bringing out the darker side of Gershuni's anyway gloomy well-answering.

Gershuni is engaged in the sense that his work grows out of a personal iconography that reflects his ambivalent feelings about his heritage, recent and past, religious and secular; about patriotism and cynicism; and perhaps about himself. He has long written phrases or verses into his sometimes bloody works, beginning with "My Soldier." He continues now with phrases from the Bible and the eight words of praise for the Creator from the prayer over the dead, the Kaddish, expressed in a series of eight beautifully printed etchings. In a set of screen prints he writes in the words of Haim Guri's elegiac poem *Bab al Wad*, with its imagery of the anemones in the blood-stained mountain pass to embattled Jerusalem (and made famous by singer Shoshana Damari in 1948/9). The cyclamen dominates the screenprints and appears in some of the large Kaddish etchings too, but as a huge, menacing black form, a flower of death (incidentally, when the Japanese paint the camellia black, it represents the flower's ghost life after its death). Another symbol used by Gershuni is the tun-



Moshe Gershuni: "How Manifold are Thy Works" (Jerusalem Print Workshop).

nel (is there light at the end of it? etc).

The Kaddish series teems with other symbols too. The code is deciphered in the copious notes, which offer all sorts of sexual connotations as well. But if you find all this tedious, you are left with the works themselves; and I must say that despite their tortuous origins, many are effectively direct. The Kaddish series (which also contains some neat soft-ground tricks) is particularly good. Gershuni the propagandist is turning back to the graphic image; and some of them here are powerful indeed. (Jerusalem Print Workshop — Florence Miller Art Centre, 38 Shvitei Yisrael, J'lem. 8 a.m.-3 p.m. Till Dec. 15.

ALEXANDER PUTOV (b. Russia, 1940) is a graduate of Moscow's Institute of Architecture and has been here since 1973. His latest show consists of mixed-media paintings on paper, often with gold acrylic back-

grounds drawn over with virtuoso brushstrokes of black or white oil colour. The almost cartoon-like figures that result depict sad faces, strange birds and almost fashion-plate figures, though best are the strongly delineated horses. But there are no challenges beyond the technique. Putov is selling himself short. (Nora Gallery, Maimon 9, J'lem.) Till Nov. 17.

MATTI FISCHER (b. Israel 1957), largely self-taught, makes his debut with oils, watercolours and drawings. The formalised nudes in pencil possess a certain monumentality but neither in line nor subject do they come alive. The aquarells are too tentative to arouse any interest. But the oils show promise and two of them, landscapes of Ein Kerem, are in every way accomplished, brought off with real breadth of form and composition. In both handling and colour they are livelier than Fischer's



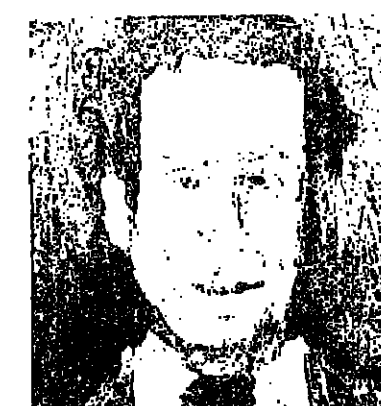
Matti Fischer: still life, oils (Debel Gallery, Ein Kerem).

more rigid still life and stiff, formalised portraits. The latter often contain fine passages of colour but are marred by illogical contradictions in procedure and treatment. (Debel Gallery, Ein Kerem.) Till Nov. 21.

EVE MENES (b. Antwerp 1932) is again showing large, untidy watercolours of Jerusalem vistas. Trained at the Pratt and Columbia in New York, she settled here in 1970. Her teachers were New Realists like Philip Pearlstein, but her own brand of figurative painting is more airy and ephemeral; it depends on little ciphers that come together in a form of impressionism; and she relies on thin washes and the unfinished look, leaving pencil marks and white paper with deliberate effect. Using airy pinks and mauves, Menes evokes the air of Jerusalem as well as its urban slopes and avoids problems by avoiding solidity.

Menes' earlier works were views glimpsed through windows and balconies railings. This time, nearly all the works are seen through a car window, or feature the suggestion of a car looming in the foreground, reminding us that the vehicles we now take so much for granted are a typical part of our cityscape. In one case, a group of cars become the subject itself.

Menes also shows several large canvases, largely in overlaid washes



Pesach Slabosky: portrait, oils (Alon Gallery, J'lem).

and strokes of acrylic, covering the entire surface in a form of grid, which because of the overlays, tends to become partly opaque. The approach to these "landscapes" is that of painterly abstraction, but these canvases lack the definition and pictorial clarity of the watercolours. If Menes wants a challenge, she should try taking her sights in the latter, taking the conception further into the realm of activated composition. (American Cultural Centre, Rehov Keren Hayesad, J'lem.) Till Dec. 31.

PESACH SLABOSKY came to Jerusalem from the U.S. in the late Seventies and made an instant hit with his black-and-white still-life, painted with ink washes on home-made paper. Since then he has been struggling to find himself in colour; his current show of loosely figurative oils is his best yet in that medium, though still very uneven. Slabosky paints people, sometimes as portraits, often as a means to loosely handled pattern composition; and sometimes combining both approaches, as in the well-patterned double portrait of painter Anatoly Bassin and his wife. The weakest works are those in which patterning is barely evident. But this persistent artist has improved his colour harmonies and is closer to getting it all together. He still has difficulty however with noses and hands; for some reason, he is still much better with feet and toes. (Alon Gallery, cnr. 51 Palmah, J'lem.) Till Nov. 15.

GENIA GENDELMAN (b. Russia, 1951), who has been here since 1975, and who studied at the Avni Institute after training in the Soviet Union, shows assemblage sculpture in very mixed media, with very mixed results. Combining elements that are cast, moulded, melted or carved, Gendelman also mixes too many ideas in one work. The literary approach skirts mere kitsch. (Alon Gallery, J'lem.) Till Nov. 15.

YIGAL BIN NUN (b. Morocco, 1943) is head of the department of art and culture at the Histadrut and is a keen photographer. His "homage to Horus" contains only one photograph of the falcon son of Osiris and Isis. The rest of his show is devoted to getting across the sense of tranquility that he discovered among the Egyptians during a visit in 1982. He finds this sense of recurrent peace in the orderly piles of goods and materials one sees everywhere in Egypt. In close-up they provide ready-made serial material: piles of bamboo, clusters of identical coffee pots, layers of fish. Bin Nun carries the analogy a bit far by also concentrating on other serial subjects: chair legs, stairs, gharry wheels and their shadows. There isn't much made of the colour; some of these prints would have looked just as good in black and white. (J'lem Theatre Gallery for New Artists.) Till Nov. 30. □

In the tradition

MOROCCAN-BORN Raphael Abecassis, director of an art centre in the development town of Netivot, participates in the recent revival of Jewish artistic heritage fostered by researchers and museums in Israel and America. In fact, he is invited to exhibit next year at the Jewish Museum of New York. In his present Haifa show he combines aristocratic parchment illumination and folk-paper cut in a genre rarely seen before. His works are modelled mainly on the splendid medieval Hebrew Bible "carpet-pages" and decorated ketubot (marriage contracts) of ancient Oriental-Sephardi tradition.

The artist's pages of Hebrew and Aramaic script are composed into festive frames within frames, the inner ones shaped as arches or symbolic forms. The decoration, in strikingly brilliant enamel-like colours, show a delicacy of handling and an inner rhythm of line. A special feature is the irregular edge, cut out in fine arabesque, based on 19th century Moroccan art.

Abecassis uses a host of traditional motifs, known mainly from Ashkenazi sources: a double-eagle, the Zodiac and pomegranates in a

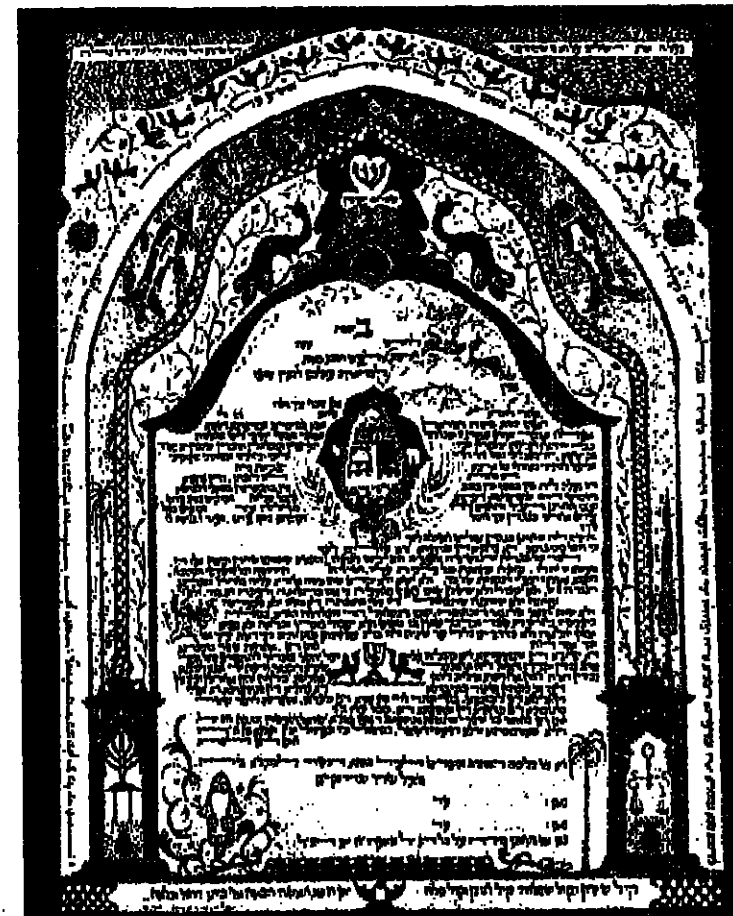
large Ketuba; seven candlesticks, a goblet and a rounded arch over two columns in "A Woman of Valour" and Kiddush for the Sabbath. "Prevalent in his work is the *hamsa* ("Hand of Fatima") of Arab-Jewish origin — a popular amulet against the evil eye — in a style echoing Moroccan ethnic jewelry. The many minute geometrical and plant patterns give a vibrant, if somewhat disquieting, effect.

Figural illustrations are few: stiff, small images in a Haggada page; and incorporate, stylized faces in the only picture shown: "Jacob's Dream." The intuitively suggestive colours of this non-derivative piece attest to real painterly talent.

Even with the difficulty of harmonizing so many elements, the brilliant hues and the rich play of lines contribute to a bright decorative effect. (Music & Ethnology Museum, 26 Shabetai Levy, Haifa.) Till Dec. 31.

EDITH VARGA-BIRO

Raphael Abecassis: Ketuba (Marriage Contract), illuminated parchment (Music & Ethnology Museum, Haifa)



DAVID BEN-GURION was fond of quoting Isaiah's prophecy: "I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west; I will say to the north, Give up, and to the south, Keep not back; bring thy sons from far, and my daughters from the end of the earth."

For a time this certainly applied to our people, but nowadays Israelis are reversing the prophecy, are going north, south, east and west to the four corners of the world. Every year 700,000 Israelis scatter around the globe like chaff before the wind.

I used to wonder why they were so determined to travel, why they submitted so cheerfully to the tortures imposed on a modern tourist. Buying presents for everybody at the other end of the trip; packing one's necessities and the presents into two infinitesimal, although immensely heavy, suitcases; getting reluctant banks to cough up foreign currency in return for an abundance of loaves; arriving at an airport at an ungodly hour for a two-hour wait; submitting to the indignities of a search; being crammed like sardines into minute chairs in flying time; fed the ghastliest nutrients ever devised by man, an airline meal; suffering the shock of discovering how prices have soared abroad and the anxiety of wondering whether their money will hold out - why do Israelis do these things to themselves?

There is an alternative kind of holiday: Israelis could accept an amazing offer from an Israeli hotel in Eilat and enjoy physical and mental relaxation without suffering any anguish or using up precious foreign currency, thereby delighting the prime minister, the finance minister and the minister of tourism. Yet instead, Israelis insist on going abroad.

I used to think that the explanation was that we must be a nation of masochists, a theory confirmed during a period of seven years by the voting patterns of a large section of the citizenry. But at last I understand the true reason why Israelis are consumed by a passion for travel such as obsessed explorers seeking the source of the Nile.

Our restless people are roaming the world in search of the most recent episode of *Dallas*.

I HAVE BEEN writing a television review for nearly two decades. In my reviews I have covered, with great wisdom, all the activities of modern man in general and Israelis in particular - I have dealt with politics, religion, war, peace, love, sex, life, death, history, sports, literature, drama, ethics, science and sometimes even television programmes. During this period I have received a good many letters and telephone calls, most of them expressing loathing and contempt - the most recent of this type urges that I should be publicly hanged as high as Hamman - and a few indicating approval, endorsement and even admiration.

But never before have I received such a flood of calls and letters as I did this week, as a result of inviting our Marco Polos to inform me what happens next in *Dallas*. My contacts have seen *Dallas* in North America, South America, Europe, Australia, Africa. The only continent where Israelis are not seeing *Dallas*, apparently, is Antarctica.

Now I face a great moral crisis. Should I tell all? I know that last week I told I would reveal whatever I learned, but that was a promise lightly made, without considering all the implications. If I turn informer, I may ruin the oilhanger for my fellow-citizens when, or if, *Dallas* returns to our screens.

Besides, there may be money in

Southfork revisited

TELEREVIEW/Philip Gillon



To see JR, we must roam the world, but the man in the picture is firmly in the saddle and putting on a good show.

doling out the information in confidential ear-to-ear whispers, in return for contributions to my favourite charity, the Save Philip Gillon Fund.

So, on second thoughts, I have decided to seal my lips like Callan's when he was being tortured by the Russians. I am prepared to tell just enough to set at rest the anxieties of readers in despair about Miss Ellie's rugs going up in flames. There is nothing to worry about: the fire brigade gets to Southfork and puts out the fire, by the time she returns from her jaunt with Clayton, the old homestead and the rugs are safe, everything is back in apple-pie order. I also hasten to add that Jock does not come back alive, that was incorrect information given by another paper. It is true that John Ross Jr. grows up to become young Katz, an Israeli Jew, who shocks the entire Jewish community of the United States by eating bacon and eggs for breakfast one morning.

For the rest - on such matters as how Sue-Ellen finds an empty bedroom in Southfork, and what happens when Bobby is mysteriously shot (more sibling rivalry, remember how that was once J.R.'s tale) - I say, like Iago, "Demand me nothing: What you know, you know: From this time forth I never will speak more." Of course, I may relent if your contribution to the SPG Fund is adequate.

NO NATION has made a greater

contribution to Western civilization than the Italians. Starting from the grandeur that was Rome and going through the Renaissance to the present day, we find that Italians have enriched the world through their architecture, sculpture, painting, music, opera, oratory, science, filmmaking, philosophy and cookery. The name "Italian" triggers thoughts of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Michelangelo, Columbus, da Vinci, Verdi, Raphael, Caruso, Fellini and Paolo Rossi.

During the last 100 years many Italians emigrated to the U.S., where they continued to keep the wheels of civilization turning. We think of Mayor La Guardia, Frankie Sinatra, Ms. Geraldine Ferraro, Rocky Marciano. It is true that Italians also have some debts against them, such as Fascism and the Mafia, but we know to our amazement and shame that such things can happen to anyone, to the unlikelyst nations.

Against this background, let me record my horror and indignation about the treatment given to the American Italians in the ghastly excesses of a so-called comedy series, *Mama Malone*.

Blushing with shame as I watched this crude, anti-ethnic affront, I could not help wondering who bought it for showing in Israel. Did that buyer see it? If so, surely he or she realized what a cruel caricature of an Italian family it presented, and that it was unsuitable for a Jewish-

Arab audience. Let us imagine that the anti-Semites produce a "comedy" about a very vulgar Yiddish woman with mighty hands, gigantic breasts, crocodile tears and facile smiles. How would we react to such an affront?

At one stage I thought that the episode would have one redeeming virtue, that we would get a new recipe for lasagna. It was not to be. The idiotic plot did not allow her to finish preparing the dish. This nuisance should be stopped in its tracks.

There are many good English and American comedies available that could be bought to fill that half-hour slot on Saturday. Please, please, please, convince Mama to oblivion, I beg you, and bring us *Yes, Minister*, or the latest *Fawlty Towers*, or *Taxi*, or *WKRP*, or *Ally*, or anything but this tripe.

I am reserving judgment on *Married*, the new four-part drama which replaced *Dallas*, because it got off to so slow a start that I am not sure yet what it is supposed to be, a comedy or a tragedy. So far, as a comedy it was tragic, and, as a tragedy it was comic. But let us suspend our decision for a space.

THE MORE I see of Prime Minister Shimon Peres on television, the more impressed I am. He is taking to the medium like a duck takes to water, he has learned how to be relaxed in front of the camera, as if he were giving us a fireside chat.

On Friday night, appearing as the main item in Micha Limor's excellent magazine programme, he looked very good: his tailor and his barber are doing an excellent job. And he has abandoned completely his old habit of dividing his answers to all questions into three logical sections, with each section having five sub-sections. Now he answers directly and simply.

Some of my friends complain that he is too soft, that he is so anxious to please everybody that he is not putting his opponents firmly in their place. For instance, they say, he should have lambasted Gideon Patt MK for having the impertinence to open his mouth about the package deal and to talk about economic catastrophe looming ahead.

The critics have a point. Yoram Aridor MK, Yigal Cohen-Orad MK and Patt, the men who orchestrated the economic follies of the previous government, are hardly in a position to give advice about how our affairs should be organized, just as Ariel Sharon should keep his trap closed about Lebanon. Peres's great mentor, Ben-Gurion, would have flayed such people mercilessly if they had dared to venture out of hiding after the mess they made.

But Peres has obviously decided to let bygones be bygones, so as to project an image of being the father of the entire nation, not only of his own supporters, just like Abraham Lincoln. After all, a father figure has to take into account that he has stupid sons and wicked sons, and must make an effort to love them all. Of course, somebody may comment that a good father will not spare the rod and spoil the child.

Nevertheless, although there is some merit in this point of view, I think that Peres is right, and that his soft approach to the erring is the correct one. He is certainly coming across as wise, tolerant and possessed of a remarkable capacity for taking both the long view and the short one, combining idealism with a grasp of the minute details of the economy.

What a relief it is to have returned to an age of reason instead of one of passion, to have a leader who talks without rancour, paranoia, hatred and prejudice.

The nature of things



D'vora Ben Shaul

Perfect timing

MAN, it would seem, is the only creature that is taken by surprise by the onset of winter. Throughout the world of nature the denizens of field and forest are ready and waiting.

In fact, for mammals and birds the preparation for the winter started shortly after mid-summer, when the days got shorter and their bodies, controlled by photo-sensitive mechanisms, switched over from the period of growth and reproduction to the time of preparation for the senescent season.

Animals like foxes and jackals in the Judean Hills, which depend on their winter coats for protection, responded to glandular changes and produced the fine, downy undercoat that both waterproofs the pelt and provides insulation. Those



whose welfare depends on their burrow, like the badgers and the hyrax in the Galilee, started to repair and enlarge their quarters. And the bees, whether hive-held or free-living, carefully winterized their hives with thick, black, water-proof propolis.

Most creatures underwent a change of metabolism that caused them to gain weight, a reserve for the hard times when both predator and prey may go hungry, or in some cases, like reptiles and (on the Hermon) hedgehogs, may hibernate through the cold season. Even the birds finished their moult and the nightingales in my Jerusalem garden look twice as big under their mound of puffy feathers. The hawblers, for instance field mice and male rats, began to collect compulsively the food they will need in store. Many birds from colder climes answered the coded orders in their cells and arrived here to escape the vigours of European winter. And those insects whose lives are limited to one summer laid their eggs in water-proof packets and prepared to die.

By now throughout the country the inanimate world of tree and flower is ready for the winter. For some trees and shrubs this is the dormant period: leaves are shed and the roots are at rest. For others the coming of the rains announces the beginning of a new cycle of growth. Special among these are the winter flowers, cyclamens, irises, crocuses and anemones.

The world of nature, tuned to its own inner clock, is ready and waiting for the change of season. The winter will not find it wanting.

IF THE PRICE freeze does nothing more, at least it gives us an opportunity to examine prices intelligently. No longer are the price tags racing past us at the speed of film in a projector. Like a movie director, the government has shouted "freeze" and we can study each frame at leisure.

Previously, it made little sense to run from store to store comparing prices on given items, since by the time we returned to the first one, the price would likely be altered. Also, the shekel was devaluing so rapidly that those who wished to calculate prices in dollar terms had difficulty keeping track of the exchange rate. This, too, has slowed down.

Today, the consumer has no excuse but laziness if he fails to compare prices.

The newspapers have published government-controlled price lists. These are not necessarily the ones we should pay, but the maximum shopkeepers may charge without violating the law. Obviously, they may sell below these prices, and many do. In fact, since the freeze went into effect, the papers have been filled with ads from supermarket chains offering weekly and monthly "specials."

Super-Sol has just published a new batch of American-style discount coupons, which you clip out and take to the store. In the Ramat Aviv section of Tel Aviv, the chain has distributed to mailboxes an additional set of local discount coupons. It is also offering some dramatic two-for-one offers, where you can buy one product at regular price and get a second free.

The Co-op Tel Aviv-Dan Hasharon chain, stretching from Hadera to Eilat, has chosen a different method of discounting. Each week, it is announcing a list of five items at special offer. This week's included the surprising boon of nearly 10 per cent off the controlled price of subsidized frozen chicken - IS950 per kilo instead of IS1,050. Sales were limited to three chickens per customer.

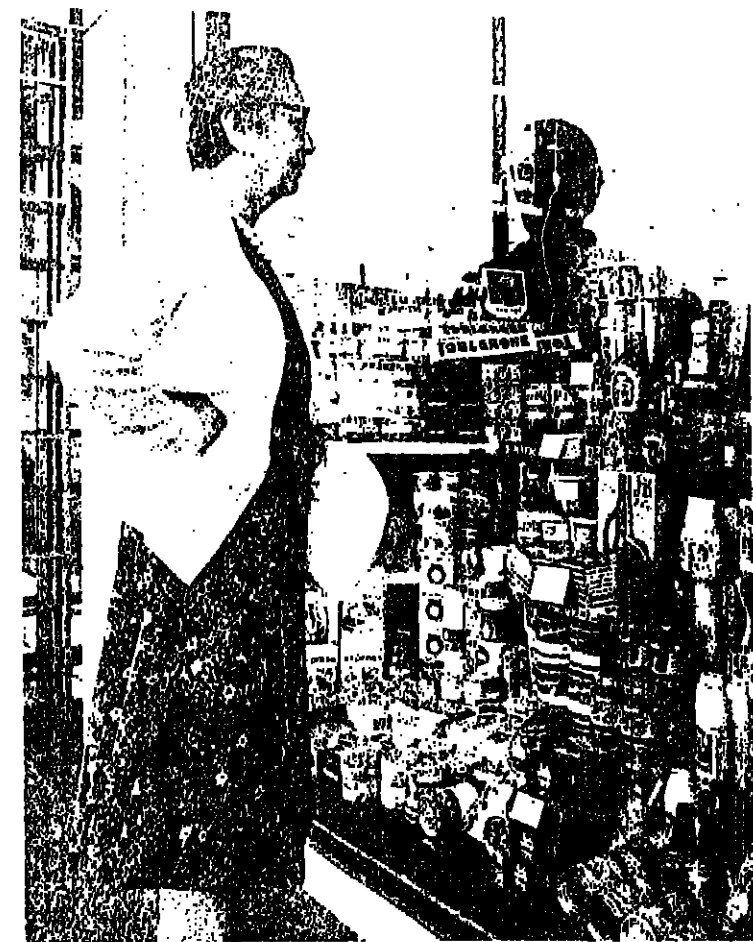
AT THE SAME time, people are becoming increasingly aware that if they travel to the less prestigious neighbourhoods, they can usually achieve significant savings on their grocery bills. Kol Yisrael's consumer programme *Lo B'kol Mehil* ("Not at Any Price") took over the Second Channel for entire mornings this week to inform shoppers where they could find bargains. For instance, it reported that Elite's chocolate spread was selling in the Tel Aviv Hatikva Quarter market at half the price of the chain stores.

It seems that consumers are finally beginning to put this message which my media colleagues and I have been trying to get across for some time: that it pays to cross town to the open-air markets and bargain stores, especially for fresh produce and household paper and cleaning supplies.

One indication is the increasing parking congestion in the public lot near the Tel Aviv Carmel Market. Lately, it gets jammed shortly after 4 p.m., even early in the week on the traditionally slower shopping days. (On Sundays, many shops and stalls in this market do not open for business at all, or only in the mornings.) At this season, Carmel Market shoppers are finding bargains in winter clothing as well as in groceries.

With luck, the freeze will result in more real competition between merchants for customers. If the chain stores want to keep their clientele, they will have to come up with enticing offers to keep shoppers from running off to the bargain spots. There are some signs that this

Time to compare



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

is happening. Super-Sol this month is offering Iris and Lily high-quality toilet paper on a two-for-one basis, which brings the unit price down to an incredibly low IS92 per roll for crepe paper and IS148 for the finer tissue quality. The catch is that you must be willing to put out several thousand shekels for a giant package of 24 rolls - and you get the second 24 free. Visa card users have an extra built-in saving in terms of credit.

For comparison, Lily toilet tissue at Super-Sol, in a standard package of four, costs IS1,450 - or IS362.50 per roll, so the two-for-one deal is a saving indeed.

OF COURSE, the wise shopper must learn to distinguish between a real bargain and a teaser which is just slightly below an already inflated price. For instance, among its coupons to clip, Super-Sol is offering a discount of IS500 on a five-kilo bag of Tip laundry powder. The full price at Super-Sol is IS5,260. I am willing to bet that most stores in the open-air market areas sell it well below the IS4,760 which is Super-Sol's special offer. My usual shop in the market was selling it for IS3,800 this week.

Not so, however, with the one-litre bottle of Neca's P17 dish-washing liquid. The government's list set this at a whopping IS1,950. The Dan Hasharon Co-op chain is offering it, this week only, at IS1,230. Super-Sol has the price marked on the bottle as IS1,366, but offers a IS250 coupon, bringing it down to IS1,116, till the end of the month. My shop in the market takes IS1,200 for it.

For economy, however, this washing liquid cannot hold a candle to Super-Sol's current two-for-one offer on another brand, Wito's Ram 36. The full price for a litre bottle is IS1,370 (as on the government's list), which means the customer is getting each bottle for IS685. (Earlier this week, Super-Sol had inadvertently marked these bottles at a

few shekels above the government price, but quickly changed it when I pointed out the discrepancy.)

My bargain man in the Carmel Market did not have Ram 36 at all this week. However, he was selling another dishwashing liquid I often use, Avocado from Miellem of Petah Tikva, for a mere IS600 per litre. Super-Sol's price on this one is IS1,201.

SOME MORNINGS it is almost impossible for me to get any work done as my colleagues corner me to tell me their own favourite price stories. One had discovered that disposable nappies cost more at the manufacturer's own outlet store than at a supermarket which has them on "special." Another tells me that the made-in-Israel jacket he bought at Marks & Spencer in London is selling for over double right here in Tel Aviv.

My favourite story of the week is finding an identical product costing only one shekel more for the three-litre size than for the adjacent one-litre size - and yet most people are apparently buying the smaller costlier container. At Super-Sol, on the selfsame shelf, a one-litre plastic bottle of Assis orange-flavoured squash costs IS1,584, while for one additional shekel, you can have three litres of the same squash, albeit in a less familiar carton with a plastic bag inside and a nozzle for pouring the syrup. A similar phenomenon exists with Assis raspberry squash, where the comparative prices are IS1,689 and IS1,723. In both flavours a two-litre plastic bottle costs considerably more than the three-litre carton.

I do not particularly like these large bulky cartons - but I am prepared to buy them and funnel the syrup into smaller bottles for a saving which amounts to hundreds, and even thousands, of shekels.

I KNOW THAT some of my readers object to my comparing consumer

matters here with those abroad, as though we lived on a planet all alone. Yet I cannot suppress the observation that such an incongruity in price structure would not go unnoticed in an American supermarket. In the U.S., those three-litre economy cartons would be snapped up in a day, while the smaller more expensive containers would sit untouched.

One morning recently, I did some armchair shopping abroad. I took the advice of a Ramat Gan reader who pointed out that I need not travel to the U.S. to keep tabs on prices in supermarkets there, but need only go as far as the U.S. Cultural Centre library on Hayarkon Street next to the embassy. I spent several hours engrossed in the supermarket ads in *The Washington Post* from mid-October. After jotting down countless prices, I trotted off to compare them with current prices at the Super-Sol, which, after all, claims to be a North American-style chain. It is, in many respects, except for the prices, which are mostly higher.

I know all the pitfalls of comparing supermarket prices here and abroad. The U.S. does not have the 15 per cent value added tax which figures in virtually all our products (except fresh fruits and vegetables). According to my embassy sources, Washington, D.C., has no sales tax at all on foodstuffs, though its local 6 per cent sales tax may apply to non-foods sold in a supermarket.

Another problem is that the prices listed in newspaper ads in the U.S. are obviously special sale prices, not the ordinary full prices of the products. However, there are such frequent sales in U.S. stores that it is the rule, rather than the exception, for the American consumer to shop according to the weekly specials, the coupon offers, etc.

A third point which should not be forgotten is that the American wage-earner has a take-home pay probably a triple that of his counterpart in a comparable occupation in Israel. If the American pays the same as we do, or less, for parallel grocery items, this represents a much smaller chunk of his income.

BACK AT MY desk, I spent what seemed like hours converting quarts into litres, pounds into kilos, dollars into shekels. By the end, I had the feeling that the only things cheaper in an Israeli supermarket were the onions, wine and pantyhose!

This is obviously an oversimplification. I didn't compare every possible commodity. There are some perpetual bargains here compared to U.S. stores. Our fresh fruits and vegetables are nearly always cheaper than theirs, and our basic subsidized breads are so cheap in international terms as to be laughable.

But virtually all manufactured food products cost more here.

It's a shame one can't eat pantyhose. We have a real bargain here. When a Washington supermarket chain offers a line at \$1.29, this amounts to about IS696 here (I was calculating IS540 to the dollar). At Super-Sol, you'll find local Cin-Cin pantyhose for IS478 and that includes our 15 per cent VAT. The Dan Hasharon chain was offering them this week at IS359 (today - Friday - is the last day of the offer). Apparently we enjoy cheap pantyhose because this is a spill-off from a highly successful export line.

At the other extreme from pantyhose is bottled orange juice. We certainly have no shortage of citrus fruit, yet a bottle of Assis or Yakhin natural orange juice at Super-Sol today costs over twice as much as orange juice in cartons at Washington supermarkets. Even a cheaper

brand here, Jaffa Mar, costs nearly double the American price.

Similarly, Gaf frozen orange juice costs considerably more than its famous counterpart, Sunkist, in U.S. supermarkets. Still, frozen orange juice is more economical than the bottled type. A 200gm. container of Gaf, at IS707, makes one litre of juice. A litre bottle of Jaffa or Gaf costs IS1,050, while Assis was marked IS1,299, at one Super-Sol branch and IS1,379, at another.

There has been much discussion recently about the price of mayonnaise. In the American ads I perused, I found a price only for Weight Watchers Mayonnaise, a low-calorie kind, which has a local parallel in Telma's Mayo Kal 13. The American brand, albeit on sale, cost considerably less than half the Israeli price which is IS831 for 250 gm. at Super-Sol these days. Even our cheapest regular mayonnaise, Telma or Chem, in a giant economy jar costs over double the American price.

Kosher frankfurters in the American supermarket ads, the famous Hebrew National brand, cost nearly 40 per cent less than Zephobek frankfurters here at Super-Sol. And in the U.S., kosher products are a specialty for a limited clientele.

Coca-Cola costs more in Israel than in the U.S., although it is manufactured here under licence, using cheaper Israeli labour. Americans in the Washington area can buy a two-litre bottle of Coca-Cola for \$1.29. In Israel today that would cost the equivalent of \$1.69.

When I stood at the tinned vegetable shelf at Super-Sol, I found only one product which costs less than the equivalent of one dollar per tin - and that was the Mithar brand carrot cubes, at IS487, hardly an item most consumers would want. The only bargain in tinned vegetables at Super-Sol this month is its two-for-one special on Pri-Hagadol corn kernels, IS742 for two tins - but this is a small quantity, only 300 gm.

MY PERUSAL of the *Washington Post* confirmed something else I have been contending for a long time - our heavily subsidized frozen chickens at IS1,050 a kilo are no big bargain. Fresh chickens, albeit non-kosher, were offered for 59 cents a pound - which would come to a mere IS700 a kilo. Fresh turkey was listed at 89 cents a pound, or IS1,057 a kilo - whereas I paid IS2,300 a kilo for fresh turkey in Tel Aviv last week. (Turkey is not subsidized.) I have it on good authority that our poultry industry is "not the most efficient." That must be the understatement of the year.

When I read how much cheaper most foodstuffs are abroad than in Israel, I don't know whether to laugh or cry. I keep thinking about our food manufacturers' "threats" to stop supplying the local market and seek alternative markets abroad if they are forced to stick to the price freeze for the full three months.

My answer to them is this: Go right ahead and try to export your overpriced food products. I, for one, am ready to make do with the less expensive new ingredients and "manufacture" everything I need at home for a while. Perhaps in the long run, if our manufacturers learn to produce more efficiently, and our merchants learn to market more economically, we will enjoy the benefits of processed foods at prices comparable to those in the affluent United States. Of course, by all logic, ours should be even cheaper so long as our salaries are lower.

But then, did anyone ever promise us logic?

- Martha Meisels